

Mr. Presidents

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/10415178) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/10415178>.

Rating:

Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:

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Category:

M/M

Fandom:

방탄소년단 | Bangtan Boys | BTS

Relationships:

Jeon Jungkook/Jung Hoseok | J-Hope/Min Yoongi | Suga, Jung Hoseok | J-Hope/Min Yoongi | Suga, Jeon Jungkook/Min Yoongi | Suga, Jeon Jungkook/Jung Hoseok | J-Hope, Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster/Kim Taehyung | V

Characters:

Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster, Jeon Jungkook, Jung Hoseok | J-Hope, Min Yoongi | Suga, Kim Taehyung | V, Background & Cameo Characters

Additional Tags:

Polyamory, Alternate Universe - High School, Student Council, Angst, Happy Ending, Fluff, Anxiety Disorder, Mixture of American and Korean High School Elements, Kim Taehyung's Liberal Agenda

Language:

English

Series:

Part 1 of [like how the earth loves the moon loves the sun](#)

Stats:

Published: 2017-03-30 Completed: 2017-07-27 Words: 26,251
Chapters: 6/6

Mr. Presidents

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Summary

min yoongi and jung hoseok; president and vice president (respectively) of the student body, captains of the basketball and dance teams, resident social butterflies, homecoming kings two years in a row, disgustingly in love long-term boyfriends, and *head over heels* for the new junior class representative.

Notes

forewarning: this is HEAVILY based on the american school system, the way that our student council functions and the events that we have are essential to the plotline! i'm sorry that i couldn't fit this story into the korean one,,

thank you for understanding <3

i. mr. presidents

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

min yoongi and jung hoseok; president and vice president (respectively) of the student body, captains of the basketball and dance teams, resident social butterflies, homecoming kings two years in a row, disgustingly in love long-term boyfriends, and *head over heels* for the new junior class representative.

“who is that,” hoseok hissed, “he’s. so. cute.” it was the first student council meeting since the last term of student council elections that had ran through the last weeks of school and the end of their previous year. the early fall in which the kickstart to the meetings occurred was always a hectic time; new faces to memorize, new names to learn, new procedures to follow, and as always; new events to schedule and plan.

and this year, apparently, new representatives to ogle.

yoongi followed hoseok’s gaze and had to suck in a breath at the sight of a tall, broad, honey blond boy who had the body of a jock but the mannerisms of an introverted freshman; his wide shoulders sat hunched inwards, shielding his torso from view, and he fiddled with the sweater-paws of the oversized letterman jacket; hands in his lap and bottom lip between his teeth as his eyes cast nervous, furtive glances around the room.

“like a lost little bunny. look at his doe eyes. precious.” yoongi mimed wiping away a stray tear.

“junior class elect?” hoseok inquired, tone low while he shamelessly stared down the poor boy. (he seemed to notice, nervously fidgeting in his seat even more than he already was. yoongi had to stop himself

from cooing out loud.)

the elder shook his head sharply. “no. his baby-face screams ‘sophomore.’”

“aw, come on, yoongi. maybe he’s just a late bloomer!”

yoongi shrugged. “whatever – we’re about to find out anyways.”

the mindless chatter that always took root within their spacious round tabled room in student services before meetings came to order was a little subdued, what with the fresh, baby-faced underclassmen elects clinging to the drywall and staring down at their shuffling feet. the club’s long-time secretary, junior year kim namjoon, took it upon himself to bang his tiny toy gavel against the wooden expanse of their large round table to gather everyone’s attention. (hoseok had originally been honored with the duty of calling meetings to order, but often got too excited and ended up banging the tool too hard and severely ruptured the table – their treasurers, park yeeun and kim yubin, had not been very pleased.)

their elect (yes, he was *theirs* now) sat straight up, startled by the sudden sharp rapping on the tabletop, and from yoongi’s side, he could feel hoseok mooning from all the way across the table. when he turned his head to look, his boyfriend’s beautiful side profile was broadcasting heart eyes like he was yelling it into a megaphone while being aided with a microphone.

(internally, yoongi shed a few tears; he was whipped for this boy and his blatant theatrics.)

“order,” namjoon called, “order. order. *y’all*. can you *please* sit down somewhere?”

yoongi took pity on their secretary, and aided his half-hearted efforts. “we will begin in a moment. everyone, please find a chair; freshmen, don’t worry, just take a seat, the upperclassmen don’t bite. well, except for yubin.”

at this, yubin gave a shark-like grin to the rest of the room. yeeun whacked her upside the head and pointed to their notes, signaling that it was time to focus.

yoongi waited patiently for everyone to settle down. when that took too long, he stared down each and every underclassmen until their stupid chatter about past summer activities died down ashamedly, and the room was left in relative silence. he grinned smugly to hoseok, who seemed just a little bit too in love with yoongi's intimidation tactics; it made his chest puff up in pride as he motions to start the meeting. “at two thirty-eight p.m., i, min yoongi, student body president of the class of 2017, hereby call this student council session to order. joon-ah, you’ve got the minutes?”

“yeah.”

"great. now- “

“if i may, mister student council president – sorry to interrupt, by the way,” hoseok shot his boyfriend a cheeky smile as he stood up and gestured widely around the room, “but we have so many new faces here joining us this year! i, for one, think that introductions are in order.” after speaking, he sent a (what he believed to be inconspicuous) wink across the table and towards their shy little elect, who wrinkled his eyebrows and flushed. (it was not that inconspicuous.)

namjoon frowned loudly from his seat next to yoongi. “do we even have time for all tha– “

“an excellent proposal, president jung,” yoongi deadpanned, “if someone would be so kind to make a motion for introductions...?”

an uncomfortably awkward silence descended upon the room as the president and vice president stood, arms outstretched, eyebrows raised. yoongi’s gaze slid over to namjoon’s and he glowered until his secretary gave an exasperated sigh. (having a severe resting bitch face was pleasantly useful.)

“i move to hold introductions,” namjoon groaned, slumping back into the plastic of his fold-out chair, “is there a second?”

“um,” an unfamiliar voice stuttered, “i-i second the motion.”

both presidents whipped their heads up at the sweet sounding timbre, and were tickled to be met with the sight of their elect, biting his bottom lip out of nerves; full cheeks flushing red at the sudden spike of attention directed his way. the sleeves of his letterman jacket are picked at even more and he looks like he instantly regretted speaking out; hoseok is quick to shoot him a reassuring smile, before turning to his boyfriend with a silent expression filled with pain. *he’s so fucking cute. i’m going to die.*

yoongi nodded sagely. *i know. take me with you.*

from two seats down, namjoon threw them a caustic look as he spoke out. “ohh-kay,” he drawled, “let’s go in a circle, starting with our executives.”

“min yoongi,” yoongi spat out, the title he’s had to recite like clockwork since the beginning of sophomore year now little more than muscle memory on his tongue, “student body president and class of 2017.”

hoseok just as easily followed. “jung hoseok, student body vice president and class of 2018. lover of all things dogs, dance, and/or dramas. i enjoy long walks on th- “

“kim namjoon,” interrupted namjoon as he reclined back into his chair with a tired sigh, “secretary and class of 2018.”

yeeun shuffled her papers and sniffed disinterestedly, “park yeeun. treasurer. class of 2018.”

“kim yubin, the better treasurer, class of 2017.”

“oh you can fuck *off*—“

“*moving right along*,” namjoon insisted, “who’s next? jimin?”

on yubin’s right sat park jimin, junior and head of the charity and volunteer committee. he’d done amazing things for both the school and its reputation, let alone his infamous “get shit done” mantra that had helped tremendously to whip the student council back into shape when yoongi and hoseok were just beginning to climb the ranks and enact that exact type of change themselves--which was probably why they were such a fan favorite amongst the student body. jimin was a treasured ally and close friend of theirs (what with being hoseok’s co-captain for the school’s dance team), and yoongi shot him a soft smile as he introduced himself and his committee, all of them baby-faced freshman – yoongi tried to stifle his giggles.

after the last of the charity board had been introduced (a soft-faced girl named siyeon), it was with bated breath that he and hoseok sat up in their seats as their elect prepared to speak.

“j-jeon jungkook,” he stuttered, voice like milk and honey, “junior class representative. um, class of 2018.”

(he felt hoseok crack a smile. *i was right – he’s a junior!*)

whatever. pay attention or i’ll fire you, yoongi rolled his eyes.

a quiet laugh. *that’s not how student council works,* yoongi.)

for the rest of introductions, the pair whispered amongst themselves about their doe eyed junior – *jungkook* – and doodled soft cheeks and bunny teeth in the corner of their note sheets, shirking their executive responsibilities in favor of ogling jungkook and giggling like grade schoolers. by the time the entire table had been introduced, hoseok had sketched three different expressions of jungkook’s, all shaded with emphasis on his slight (but adorable, nonetheless) overbite and pouty lips.

they were having so much fun, in fact, that it took namjoon calling their names twice in order for them to be brought back down to earth.

“-esidents. *presidents.*” their secretary sent a pointed glance their way.

sheepishly, yoongi and hoseok bowed their heads in apology. namjoon gave them a calculating stare before continuing with the agenda that

reflected off of his glasses from the screen of his laptop. “anyways,” he continued, “the main course: homecoming. we should start brainstorming ideas for themes and catering so i can get it to administration by the end of this week.”

“something cost-friendly, too,” yubin chimed in, “last year kinda did a number on our savings.”

“...okay, *buuut*,” ahn heeyeon, senior class representative, drawled, “it’s gotta still be. i dunno. fun? exciting? last year wasn’t really that... *stellar*, and this year’s senior class is thinking of ditching.”

last year's homecoming was underwhelming, to say the least. administration had shuffled all the attendees into the secondary gymnasium--markedly smaller in comparison to the main facility--and had a middle-aged white man take control of the dee jay station (all he put on was an electronica playlist. the catering was chips and candy. chaperones jumped in halfway through to try and rope everybody into the electric slide. it was a shitshow.)

hoseok's lips drooped at the corners, student body vice-president mode back in action, “what? no. no. senior attendance is *key* for turnout numbers.” heeyeon shrugged with her hands up, in a *what can you do?* kind of motion.

“alright,” the harsh *snap* of cracking knuckles reverberated around the boardroom as yoongi leant back into his rolling chair. “what do they propose to *enhance* the homecoming experience.”

again, heeyeon lifted her shoulders--a real helpful one, she was. “good music? entertainment? better catering?”

“what about...an interesting, um. theme?”

sixteen pairs of eyes whipped towards the owner of the voice that'd given such a bold suggestion.

yoongi felt hoseok stiffen beside him, no doubt having perked up at jungkook's voice. his boyfriend's restless fidgeting at a simple sentence made his lips quirk up; it reminded him of *way* back when they were first making their way up the student council ranks and had yet to make a move--though yoongi always had an inkling suspicious that his friend didn't really want to be *friends* at all.

he's whipped, yoongi thought fondly.

“and what would that be,” park hyejin, chairman of the entertainment department, questioned, “remember. cost-effective, and it’s gotta include all of our boards.”

jungkook shifted uncomfortably in his seat as he gnawed what looked like *painfully* on his bottom lip, clearly rubbed the wrong way with so much attention and pressure being forced down on his broad (yet quaking) shoulders. hoseok opened his mouth to defend jungkook’s initial statement, but yoongi swiftly covered his boyfriend’s hand with his own and gave a light squeeze. *let him speak for himself*.

though haltingly and quietly, jungkook began to elaborate. “um, something centered around a familiar concept – one that everyone’s seen before, or at least has heard of.”

“something artsy?” jieqiong, a member of the charity and volunteer committee, suggests.

jungkook’s face lit up. “exactly! maybe...maybe starry night? the art department's curriculum this semester is all centered around outer space, we could tie in with that and maybe gather some students as

volunteers for set-up?” all of a sudden, jungkook was drawn out of his protective shell that he'd worn so adamantly not a moment ago. it wasn't hard to see what a passion he had for art, if the way he blossomed so beautifully while immersed in any stimuli that had to do with it was anything to go by. the thinning of his lips as they stretched across his overbite; the glassy sheen to his eyes that rounded like a doe's; his beauty mark popping starkly against his honeyed skin...it was--

“perfect,” yoongi rumbled firmly from the head of the table, drawing all eyes to him, “a broad topic with plenty of room for all of our committees to participate; the potential for decent decorations; and even a pre-existing color scheme. i like the way you think, jeon,” he gave a crooked grin and winked a cat eye. jungkook looked like he was going to faint.

but, as usual, Resident Realist Kim Namjoon was prompt to add his two cents. “alright, but we’re going to need a sketch of the completely decorated gym by at least wednesday. also, what kind of charity or organization will be included in this?”

“make a wish!” seokjin, a member of the school spirit committee, slammed his fists down on the table as he rose from his seat in excitement, “get it? wishing on a star? starry night?”

hoseok cracked up. the rest of the room gave a collective groan.

“alright, that sounds fine. i’ll put it down, but make sure y’all get in touch with them before thursday.” namjoon's deft fingers began clicking away at the keys of his laptop, an easy set to his shoulders as he prepared the e-mails that were to be sent to administration.

“will do,” said jimin, “but as for the sketch of the gym...”

yoongi nodded. “ah, that’ll be essential for the homeroom representatives to have, so they’ll know which materials to tell their classes to donate and how to set things up within the premise–”

“i-i can handle that...”

all eyes swung back (again) towards the butt of their round table, where jungkook meekly rose his hand, still blanketed in the threadbare letterman sleeves. “i’m an art student, shouldn’t be too hard.”

(yoongi raised his brows. *hot, smart, and talented?*)

hoseok shook his head. *where has he been all our lives?*)

“great,” chirped yubin as she scribbled down her notes, “but nothing too extravagant – we aren’t rich here.”

yeeun slapped her side. “but we still want it to look nice, don’t we?”

a click of irritation came from the other treasurer's jaw. “of course we do. all i’m saying is that– “

“anyways,” namjoon interrupted, “jungkook, if you could stay after with me once the meeting adjourns so i can get your contact information? that way, you can email the sketch to me and i’ll provide feedback.”

how can one's cheeks get so red from the tiniest things, yoongi caught himself wondering as jungkook mumbled out an affirmative. apparently, hoseok's train of thought shared the same track as he; the audible sigh that he let out had yoongi not even bothering to hide his snort, and the rest of the room shook their heads in resigned confusion, most of the upperclassmen already too familiar with the president's odd, non-verbal communications. yoongi and hoseok had been together for so long, through thick and thin, through all ups and downs imaginable...sometimes, physical words were rendered useless in the face of their soul-binding connection.

after the homecoming discussion was wrapped up with the debate of entertainment (the committee for it having decided on a dance number and pep rally for individual grade levels), the rest of the meeting glided by uneventfully with routine status reports from the various chairmen present. at three-thirty, yoongi was more than ready to adjourn.

“order!” shouted the president as he attempted to wrangle everyone in after a tangent courtesy of seokjin and hoseok. “alright. someone motion to adjourn so we can get the fuck out of here – i have a push homework to procrastinate on.”

at this, there were a couple “*same*” ‘s thrown out from the underclassmen crowd. yoongi was about to groan at freshmen's *annoying* need to share their two cents on everything but jungkook giggled and, instead, he felt his heart double in size – beside him, his boyfriend cooed (they'd been together for so long that hoseok couldn't so much as sigh without yoongi knowing.)

“i motion to adjourn,” droned namjoon tiredly.

“seconded,” said jimin.

“all in favor say ‘I.’” yoongi yawned and stretched his spine as he recited the procedure.

the usual chorus flooded through the room, new elects looking tickled pink at the formality of the closing routine. “all in favor say ‘nay.’”

yubin opened her mouth with a shit-eating grin on her face – it was wiped right off when yeeun whacked her upside the head. (“*you aren’t as funny as you think you are,*” she hissed.)

after a resounding silence, namjoon bangs the gavel. yoongi speaks. “at three-thirty-two, I hereby adjourn this student council session. all y’all, get the fuck out.”

the freshmen cloud loiters about, chatting animatedly with each other as irritated upperclassmen try to make their way out of the room. in the corner, yoongi catches jungkook squeezing through the crowd as he attempts to get to namjoon.

(he feels hoseok lay a hand on his thigh. *wait, hyung. let him talk to joon-ah.*)

yoongi shakes it off. *fuck that.*)

and so, min yoongi, captain of the basketball team, homecoming king two years in a row, second hottest piece of ass in the room (he’d have to give first prize to a certain someone), and the Student Body Goddamn President, struts over to where the other two are conversing and made sure to cock his hips in that way hoseok says is sexy and fix his bangs as he strode across the floor. “hell-*oh*,” he practically purrs, “i don’t believe we’ve formally met? i’m min yoongi, student body president.”

from his position, across from jungkook, namjoon snorted. “i think everyone knows that, hyung. you’re kind of a big deal.”

“correction: he’s *The Big Deal*.” hoseok’s elegant fingers come down on his shoulders and yoongi allows himself a small smile, pleased with how his boyfriend followed him over, “anyways. we’re exchanging numbers?”

namjoon raises an eyebrow, visibly unimpressed. “you’re talking about a lot of this ‘we’ business – i didn’t know you enrolled in french this year.”

“yes, we’re exchanging numbers, m-mister presidents,” jungkook gazed up at the pair (who were shamelessly interlocked by various limbs) and made no effort to conceal the star struck glint in his eyes.

“oh my god,” yoongi busts out laughing. he’s used to a little more respect being shown to him than the average student, he’s used to the intimidating waves that radiate off of him that disperse crowds of underclassmen like he’d said the word ‘*midterms*’; but yoongi’s never been addressed so obviously formally. so *endearingly*. “you don’t – you don’t need to call us that, jungkook. to you, i’m yoongi-hyung.”

“and i’m hoseokie-hyung!” hoseok chimed in with a bright grin and he chose to selectively ignore the way that namjoon’s eyes rolled back into his skull.

as the three boys enthusiastically traded phones to input contacts, yoongi caught namjoon’s warning, watchful eye and held his gaze with a matched (yet alarmed) intensity. with the way that namjoon bore his eyes into yoongi it was almost like he was trying to shoot lasers through his soul, and the subsequent burn that caught aflame in

his chest had his feet acting of their own accord and taking an involuntary step backwards.

(yoongi furrowed his brows in confusion. *what the hell?*)

“uhm...hyungs...” jungkook spoke up quietly after all of the numbers had been successfully swapped, “i just wanted...to thank you. for, for being so welcoming.” the junior’s milk and honey timbre wafted into the hearts of all three of the older boys, and even namjoon and yoongi paused to smile softly at jungkook.

hoseok responded first. “you’re always welcome here, jungkook. student council is more than just a council – we’re a family.”

jungkook’s bright, bright smile was enough to kickstart another giggling fit from hoseok with a shrieked, *jungkookie you’re so cute!* and a flustered *ahhh, hyung...*

(but it wasn’t enough to keep namjoon from glowering again.

be careful with him.)

Chapter End Notes

you made it to the end! congrats!

i've already got the rest of the chapters outlined, so updates should be fairly regular. if you've any questions, comments, or concerns, feel free to drop them below~ thank you for reading, have a lovely day♥☐!

ii. military brat

Chapter Summary

jungkook had never liked the term ‘military brat.’

because kids who had the misfortune of being born into a family with a parent in the military were never spoiled, or extra-privileged, or anything that the term ‘brat’ had the connotation of. in fact, it was more detrimental than anything - he can firmly attest to this.

Chapter Notes

hellooo! sorry for the delay on this chapter - she was super important, so i wanted to take my time with her.

warnings for: mentions of an unspecified anxiety disorder, meds, psychiatrists, and panic/anxiety attacks.

if you or someone you know is suffering from any type of anxiety, it's always a good idea to seek help if it's available to you.

with that out of the way, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

jungkook had never liked the term ‘*military brat.*’

because kids who had the misfortune of being born into a family with a parent in the military were never spoiled, or extra-privileged, or anything that the term ‘*brat*’ had the connotation of. in fact, it was more detrimental than anything - he can firmly attest to this.

it was hard, he'd have to admit, moving somewhere different every two years. his father was in the air force (a valued officer, at that) and they required that he be located near the current base of interest at all times, which switched every two years due to confidentiality purposes. last year, it was istanbul; the schooling had been rigorous and intense, but it left jungkook with valuable test-taking strategies to combat his anxiety with (they hadn't had exam week - they'd had

exam *month*.)

moving to korea was definitely...interesting. although he himself was of korean origin, he'd never been particularly close with any of his extended family from either his mother *or* his father's sides. not to say that they were westernized, but. they weren't very (traditionally) *korean* either. his father still spoke korean and had taught it to jungkook at an early age, even before he was instructed english, almost as a safeguard to make sure that while their family moved to all four corners of the earth and everywhere in between, jungkook wouldn't ever forget his heritage or to whom he belonged. in a way, it had helped him retain his sense of self amidst all of their globe-wide travels.

going to the fancy, overachieving performing arts school in central seoul really highlighted what he hated most about moving so often. sure, the classes were intense; sure, he didn't know anyone prior to popping up in the middle of fucking *february* in *sophomore year*; sure, he didn't have any friends.

but. it was the...the *cliques*. everyone was already acquainted with one another, having lived in the same neighborhoods or having attended the same schools all their lives together, and it left no room for jungkook to comfortably transition and blend in with the pristinely painted beige hue of the walls he was caged in every day. he stood out. people *stared*. and it was what he hated the most -

being *looked* at.

with blatant stares and wide eyes and furrowed brows that were eerily reminiscent of when he'd had his first panic attack during the seventh-grade orientation ceremony in england and all anyone could stand to do was gawk and gasp and whisper as he was escorted out of the gymnasium by the elderly school nurse.

so jungkook didn't really mind never having very many friends over the years. he didn't mind the inconsistent environments, or the unfamiliar languages or customs or styles of dress.

what he *did* mind was the anxiety that came with each of those concepts, and more.

jungkook's first day of sophomore year in his fancy performing arts academy in seoul was an intense, bone-rattling cold. he'd transferred in the middle of february, and the long-sleeved mustard yellow uniform that he'd been given a week prior fit stiffly and like a vice around his trembling chest. his mother had told him to pack his meds along with his lunch for the first week.

he'd tried as hard as he could to blend in with the crowd of burnt yellow jackets and navy trousers, hunching his broad shoulders in on himself to conceal the trembling of his chest. the way that he shuffled from class to class was more of a ghost's glide, following the sterile white tiles with dull eyes until his shoes hit the solid oak of the solid classroom door.

at the start of his third quarter in sophomore year, though, things began to change.

art was an elective he'd selected on a whim, his mother crooning out over the laundry piles that it might "*relieve stress*" and provide a "*healthy way to vent.*"

so jungkook had selected it on his registration card, subsequently showed up to the studio on the first day of third quarter, and was immediately assaulted by a student who *definitely* did not follow the dress-code.

his hair was unruly, tangled, and a bright fiery shade of orange; his

uniform jacket was tied sloppily around his slim waist, failing to cover up the fact that his school-issued button-down hung undone, wrinkled, and untucked from his lithe, skinny frame.

"hello," were the first (startlingly deep) words that left his mouth, "i'm kim taehyung. and you're new."

there were two options that jungkook had to choose from.

the first was to give this '*taehyung*' character a polite wave and a shy nod of the head, and proceed to select a seat for himself in the back of the studio, nearest to the supply closet and furthest from the windows.

or.

or jungkook could be friendly and say hello. or jungkook could ask him where he sits, if he could maybe join him. or jungkook could grin at him and ask for his *kakao* or his instagram or his twitter. or jungkook could make his first friend.

he'd never had a friend before, not a real one; acquaintances, sure, but never someone who he hung out with or visited over holiday breaks or had inside jokes with or could *depend upon*.

and maybe it was because this was his last cycle of years traveling to uncharted territories. maybe it was due to the fact that taehyung's dark, intense orbs held something foreign and exciting and *new* that jungkook had never, ever seen reflected back at him through someone else's eyes.

but nevertheless, jungkook grinned the widest he had since he'd *gotten* to the fancy-pants academy, and he decided to make a friend.

"h-hello. my name is jungkook. could i...could i sit by you?"

and the rewarding smile he got in return almost made the violent churning in his stomach worth it.

;

taehyung was definitely...an *interesting* character - an enigma, of sorts.

for starters, the junior regularly missed classes (jungkook suspected that it was skipping, but he never asked) yet still managed to maintain a 5.0 grade point average; a score so high that jungkook hadn't even known your grade point average could even *be* a 5.0.

another thing about taehyung was that he tended to be very...opinionated. and he had no problem making sure that his thoughts and views on certain topics were clearly communicated. jungkook remembers the day that he'd made the mistake of complaining about having to go to cram school to study for his upcoming korean lit test. taehyung had heard the words "cram school" and went *rabid*.

"oh my *god*, kookie," the newly-dyed brunette had growled, "this system is such bullshit. our schools are pushing the youth so violently towards success that they have us imprisoned inside education institutions for more than fourteen hours a day - don't you think there should be a law that regulates how long students should be subject to their studies?"

startled, jungkook had looked up with wide eyes from his textbook. "uhm. i don't really kn-"

"of course there should be," taehyung continued as he angrily munched on his lunch of kimbap and shrimp chips, "we're exhausting the youth of korea. pretty soon, there'll be none of us left. did you know that south korea currently is the second highest ranked in suicide rates among the entire *world*?"

the table next to them quieted their conversation and blatantly stared at the pair; jungkook shrank in his seat.

"...oh. i. i didn't-"

taehyung sniffed. "of course you didn't. they don't *want* you to. don't want to scare off prospective parents looking to send their kids to fuckin' cram school and contribute to that *beautiful* eighteen-trillion won business that they've got going."

a heavy silence blanketed the pair, in which jungkook didn't know how to respond - he didn't want to draw attention to them (taehyung's careless volume and taboo topics already attracting enough curious ears and eyes) but he *also* didn't want to lead taehyung to think that he didn't care about the important issues that he so passionately ranted about every day at lunch. he - he did. he *really* did.

"um. in turkey," jungkook began softly, and the way that taehyung's eyes lit up at the sound of his voice had him suppressing an embarrassing smile, "th-the schooling was quite...intensive as well. the school i went to, in istanbul, we had four weeks of exams....every quarter. the school seemed to care more about their ratings than. than the kids. you know...?"

taehyung nodded his head seriously. "oh, definitely. it's how all these fancy-pants schools keep their revenue - milk the kids, reap the

rewards, rinse and repeat the next semester."

"have you ever tried to. to change it? to help, i mean." jungkook flushed at his clumsy tongue.

the junior smiled sadly. "i've tried letters to administrators of all kinds, petitions, peaceful protests, you name it. our system doesn't seem to care much for us."

"student council?"

another melancholic turn of the lips. "too many absences - i'm not eligible. but..." taehyung trailed off, eyes widening as he tilted his head, craning his neck like he'd never gotten a good look at jungkook before now. "...but. *you* are."

immediately, jungkook blanched. "oh. oh no, no, no i couldn't ev-even -"

"kook," he started lowly, "you said you have cram school tonight, yeah? which one? where's it at?"

"uh, the one just on the edge of daehangno, i f-forgot the name -"

a feral grin spread across the brunette's chiseled features. "*perfect*. there's an apprentice there - his name is kim namjoon. ask him about the student council process for next year. elections already happened for this semester but, as a junior, you could be voted in...provided you have help. which is what i'm getting you. you're welcome, by the way."

the lunch bell chimed, signaling the end to their free period and the beginning of the seven minutes allotted for transitioning to ninth period.

taehyung shot up and snagged jungkook's wrist on his way, dragging the underclassman right along with him as he bolted to fling his trash into the garbage and speed out of the cafeteria. "listen," he said lowly, right into the other's ear so as to make himself heard above the crowd, "tell him taehyung sent you, okay? the guy gets emails about student council like he's some kind of talent agent, but if he hears my name..."

the pair pause in the middle of the crowded corridor (much to the chagrin of the other students), and jungkook notes the strange light in taehyung's eyes; different from all the other tones and hues that they've taken before.

"...if he hears my name, he'll listen. just. don't forget, okay? kim namjoon. *remember that.*"

jungkook nods his head so hard he feels like it'll fall off of his shoulders.

"good. now get to class, kid."

;

okay. he felt kind of stupid asking one of the elder ahjussi if he knew a "*kim namjoon, by chance*" but the familiar light of recognition in the ahjussi's eyes aided the uneasy settle in his gut. he lead jungkook over to a particularly quiet corner of the institution which served as a makeshift office for a tall, long-legged (handsome) young man who

was clad in the pristine junior class uniform of his performing arts school and wire frames. the black mop on top of his head was neatly gelled and combed to the side, somehow effortlessly combining *scholarly* and *sexy*.

jungkook shook in the soles of his school-issued dress shoes.

before the sophomore could part his lips, however, this *kim namjoon* character spoke first. "if this is about student council, i'm not interested. five freshmen within the past ten minutes asked me to be their campaign manager."

"n-no sir, you don't un. understand-"oh *jesus fuck*. he'd thought he left his stutter in england (along with his violent, inconsolable panic attacks) but he'd apparently been mistaken. the tongue he thought he had control of now floundered uselessly like a beached whale within the confines of his desert-dry mouth as he stared helplessly up at kim namjoon with pleading eyes.

the taller boy sighed irately through his nose and shoved his glasses up with his left ring finger, like it was a hassle to even *exist* right now.

jungkook could relate.

"look, kid," namjoon said with his eyelids shut, "i'm not some - some manager or mentor or whatever people may have told you. i don't-"

"kim taehyung told me that you help people, though."

namjoon's eyes snapped wide open.

"kim tahey..." he truly was at a loss for words; the carefully calculated, pristine, ironed-crisp young man was left with his jaw hanging low and his lungs drawing in air like a panting dog just at the mere *mention* of taehyung — jungkook was afraid of why that may be.

and yet, he pressed on. "t-taehyung said that...that if i needed help. with student council, i mean, of course," jungkook rushed out to affirm, "...if i ever needed, um. *help*. that i could find you."

it took a moment for the underclassman's words to compute, but when they finally kicked in inside namjoon's brain, a bitter scoff left the taller as he finally closed his mouth.

"it is *just* like taehyung to do this." he craned his neck down, tilting his head and peering at jungkook. "did he put you up to this? is he making you run for his self-gratifying, unrealistic, *radical* agenda?"

"i—"

"because let me tell you, kid," namjoon graveled out, eyes dead and tired, "kim taehyung has a penchant for that."

so jungkook stopped to think, because namjoon had a point.

he'd known taehyung for about two months; not short enough to make him an acquaintance, but not long enough to say that he knew him well. as much as he appreciated taehyung's offer to be friends, he could never really shake the feeling that there was some ulterior motive for that first day in art. not to say that taehyung was a bad person, per se, but. but.

with him, everything was calculated and thought through and had a purpose, no matter how it appeared on the surface—this much jungkook was sure of.

and maybe it was possible that taehyung was using him as a way to infiltrate the student government. sure. jungkook could imagine worse things to use him for.

but the thing *is*, is that it had taken two whole months before any mention of student council was made, let alone jungkook's eligibility for it. taehyung was meticulous in his planning and acting, but it was to a certain extent, and jungkook was almost positive that the junior wouldn't have some convoluted evil map on how to manipulate him—at least, not one that stretched on for as long as two months.

why...why was he doing this, then?

the easy answer was that he wanted to please taehyung; as for the not-so-easy answer...well.

the not-so-easy answer was that, maybe he felt a little encouraged after making his first friend. maybe that was what gave him the drive and confidence to even *seek out* kim namjoon in the first place. or maybe it was the fact that he'd managed to survive three entire months without *one* single panic attack, or anxiety attack, or having to call home to leave early because his ribs constricted around him in a way that made it painful to fucking *blink*.

jungkook was doing better. much better.

so maybe that's what gave him the courage to look kim namjoon in

the eyes as he said, voice shaky, “n-no. i want to run.”

namjoon looked him up and down with raised brows. “uh-huh. you sure, kid?”

“my name is jeon jungkook. and yes, i’m sure.”

;

the campaigning season was an otherworldly level of difficult.

although namjoon had agreed to help him, it was in very *relative* terms; it was severely frowned upon (borderline disqualification-worthy) for an existing chair in the student government to publicly endorse or be caught aiding the campaign effort of any candidate. not only would it be inappropriate for the highly sought after secretary of council kim namjoon to be found out helping a no-name sophomore after declining every single request for mentorship for years, it would *also* put his seat on the council at serious risk—something that namjoon couldn’t afford to risk.

it was for these reasons that his guidance towards jungkook was subtle. under-the-table. but still powerful and invaluable, in the sense that it put him leagues ahead of his fellow running mates.

he’d gotten taehyung to design his campaign posters (hand-drawn, beautifully painted pieces) and the pair of them had spent countless early mornings together, wandering the empty corridors of their school as they hung up the advertisements for jungkook’s campaign. namjoon had insisted that, although shallow, the coolest posters always helped gain a candidate recognition amongst the masses—people having something to associate him with would come in handy on voting day.

another word of advice he'd received from his mentor was to be... social. get to know people, so they'd have nothing but good things to say about you, and you would secure their votes through friendship. it was simple, in theory.

but not for jungkook.

he couldn't afford to mindlessly forget to take his morning dose of hydroxyzine anymore. he couldn't survive without at least bi-monthly appointments with dr. yang. he couldn't get through the week without practicing at least two of his new breathing exercises his mom had introduced him to when he first told her that he'd be running for student council.

what made that all worth it, though, were the kind smiles and exchanging of numbers and the amount of contacts tripling in his phone. all of a sudden, jungkook knew the people in all of his periods—he had acquaintances with whom he could strike up a conversation should he be alone at any given time, and he could do so without the swooping gales of wind that resided in his stomach every time he had to talk to someone *new*. the concept of having a 'social network,' as namjoon put it, was foreign; but jungkook was slowly getting used to all of the attention and conversations and social interaction.

as long as he took his meds and met with dr. yang and did his exercises...it was worth it. he was *enjoying* it.

and he could see that, despite the indifferent, clinical, professional front that the elder put up, namjoon was enjoying watching his dongsaeng prosper and bloom. he'd gone from comforting and encouraging jungkook when all of the social cues and friend-making and conversing was too much, to congratulating him on successful announcements on their school's intercom system. it had been a bumpy ride, one riddled with too many obstacles and setbacks than

either of them had anticipated, the fruits that their struggles bore were prosperous and bountiful.

although they'd forgone exchanging contact information, (*"when you get elected,"* namjoon had said) jungkook still made an effort between passing periods or before school to inform and update namjoon on how well his strategies were working, who he was talking to, what he thought he should do next—and with every successful story came a poorly-hidden dimpled grin from namjoon.

and with every poorly-hidden dimpled grin came a surge of confidence through the younger's chest. maybe he could *really* do this.

maybe he could *win*.

;

and win he did.

on election day, when the student body cast their ballots—and more importantly, the junior class cast *theirs* for junior class representative—jungkook felt an uncomfortable spike in nerves. taehyung had made sure to text him encouraging, supportive messages throughout the day, rambling on about how all of his senior friends who weren't even *voting* for the junior rep position said that he'd run the best campaign by far; and it should've been comforting, it really should've. he appreciated taehyung's effort.

but *nothing* could quell the insistent palpitations he felt in his chest—

or his shortness of breath, or faintness of head. it wasn't an attack, but he knew the telltale signs of a spike in his levels. the only thing he could do was wait until seventh period, when the votes would've been tallied and the winners announced.

the day passed sluggishly and with it, so did jungkook. art was his only reprieve, with taehyung comfortably running his painter's hands through jungkook's hair as he rambled on and on about mundane topics, anything to distract from the impending doom that awaited him in last period. at lunch, he could barely force himself to squeeze down some of taehyung's foreign food that he'd gotten on a trip to the states. the only thing that seemed to be able to occupy his brain, his stomach, his heart, his *body*, was the anxiety that broiled in the pit of his chest at the thought of what was to come.

before the bell signaling the end of lunch, taehyung caught him by his school-issued mustard-yellow jacket and gave him a *look*. "kook. will you be alright to finish out the school day?"

at this, jungkook huffed in indignation. he knows he'd told taehyung about his...his struggles, the pills, dr. yang, all of it, but on today of all days to bring it up...it felt like the senior was throwing it right back in his face. "of course, hyung, what do you m—"

"*jungkook*. there is *no* shame in leaving early if you aren't feeling well." taehyung's heavy, heavy stare seemed to bore straight into the younger's soul, and it scared him. it scared him how well his friend of just a couple months was able to read him and tell so, so easy when his weaknesses were getting the better of him—when his *biggest* weakness was getting the better of him.

jungkook roughly shook off the hand that was clutching his shoulder.

"see you tomorrow, taehyung-ssi."

the bell sounded, and he tried to let it drown out the look of raw *hurt* that shadowed over his friend's face before he sped off to his last class of the day.

by the end of seventh period, he was a wreck.

jungkook had perspired through his school-issued button-down at the memory of what had happened at lunch between him and taehyung, and the nerves and muscles that made up his right leg seemed to fall out of his control because the limb would *not* for the *life of him* sit still. and when the intercom system crackled to life so the lead secretary could promptly announce the school year's student council elects, jungkook could *not* stop fucking *fidgiting*.

"...student council secretary for the school year of 2017-2018...kim namjoon."

jungkook gave a weak smile; he was glad that namjoon got re-elected, although he really didn't have any doubts.

"...student council vice president of the student body for the school year of 2017-2018...jung hoseok."

the kids in his class rejoiced boisterously at the mention of the surname '*jung*'—jungkook felt bad that he had absolutely *no* clue who the vice president elect was.

“...student council president of the student body for the school year of 2017-2018...min yoongi.”

more cheers. more irrational guilt at the fact that he'd totally neglected to find out who was running for what outside of his own race. more rational guilt about what he'd said to taehyung.

“...and now. for the student council class representatives for the school year of 2017-2018.”

belatedly, jungkook realized that he couldn't do it. he couldn't.

the junior barely gave his playwriting instructor enough time to react before he announced that he was off to the bathroom, confused exclamations leaving the mouths of his classmates as he booked it through the strong oak doors that separated him from the stifling anxiety that he'd been threatening to drown in all day, and freedom.

he knew that taehyung always skipped last period, religiously. hurrying as fast as his legs could carry him, jungkook sped up the three flights of stairs that it took to reach the unlocked 'custodian-only' labelled door, which he burst through with urgency to reach the final set of stairs, bringing him to the rooftop of the school.

the beautiful view of the city of seoul was where he found taehyung, sitting criss-cross-apple-sauce against the safety railings as he studied the easel that rested in front of him, shining with the fresh gloss of wet acrylics.

“you're missing the elections,” taehyung said, clearly having picked up on jungkook's heavy panting from behind him.

the junior dropped down beside his friend. “yeah. wasn’t feeling well.”

wordlessly, taehyung gave him a faint smile before picking up his brush and continuing on his artwork. “well, that’s alright. we all have our days.”

“...hyung,” jungkook began, rushed, “i’m sor—“

“kim taehyung!”

both boys whipped their heads at lightning speeds towards the door, where kim namjoon stood, uniform disheveled, glasses askew, and bangs out of place.

jungkook shivered—this wasn’t a sight he thought he’d ever see.

“kim taehyung,” namjoon continued, voice dangerously low as he stalked forwards, eyes only on the senior who stood there in his ragged jean jacket and joggers, arms crossed and head cocked. “do you *ever* think about *anyone* besides yourself?”

a scoff came from the brunette. “really? you gonna start something right now?”

“you know *exactly* why i’m ‘starting something right now.’” namjoon pivoted his body towards jungkook, face in a complete disarray of emotions, “jungkook-ah, you’ve been elected junior class representative.

immediately, his eyes shot wide open and all the air left his lungs. he didn't—he hadn't thought he would...yes, he ran for office but to actually have been elected...

the elder stuck his index finger at jungkook's visceral reaction, pointing it out to taehyung. "*this* is why i'm starting something right now, taehyung. did you even think about what would happen if he really won? now what? *now* what?"

taehyung's face twitched in a series of conflicted emotions, eyes bright and intense with fight. "he'll. he'll be fine, he can handle it—"

the hysterical, outraged huff of laughter that left namjoon echoed out into the busy afternoon streets of seoul. "one month of campaigning and one year actually *in office* are not the same thing, you *fucki*—"

"okay, first of all, can we stop talking about me like i'm not here?"

jungkook raised an eyebrow at the two men, unimpressed at how they were treating him like some—like some *child*. almost upon his word, they bowed their heads with a muttered apology.

he sighed, "alright, thanks." the junior turned to face namjoon. "listen, i can handle this."

"but—"

"but *nothing*," insisted jungkook, cutting off his hyung, "i. i've been doing well. really well. and as long as i keep doing what i've been

doing, then i'll be okay."

the way that taehyung frowned from beside him made namjoon's eyebrows tick in irritancy. "yes, kookie, but still...it's okay if you feel like you aren't ready. this is a big, *big* responsibility, and—"

namjoon swiftly interjected, "oh, would you let him make his own decisions and finish his own sentences for once? he's not your little—your little *pet*."

"oh fuck off, joon-ah. we want the same thing for him, why are you even trying to argue—"

"the *same thing*?! i can assure you, taehyung-ssi, that we have never wanted the *same thing*—"

"listen." jungkook's sharp, one worded command shut the both of them up instantly. taehyung's eyes grew wide as namjoon's mouth clicked open, and jungkook tried not to wallow too much in the satisfaction it brought him to get them to stop bickering for ten seconds. "...listen. i don't know what the hell kind of drama is going on between you two, but you guys need to stop acting like this is a damned custody battle. i'm my own person and i can decide for myself what my limits are and what i can and cannot do."

jungkook turned towards namjoon, drawing in a deep breath. "and i've decided that i'll take the role of junior representative, because i can handle it. when's the first meeting?"

the elder raised his eyebrows, floored. when he looked towards taehyung, the brunette was doing the same.

“uhm,” he stuttered (the first time jungkook had ever heard him do so), “next monday. two-forty. be prompt.”

the junior representative smiled gently. “don’t worry. i will.”

;

what.

the.

fuck.

did he have something on his face? was his hair not properly combed? was his uniform wrinkled? did a pimple just crop up on his face?

because those were the *only* reasons he could draw forth for as to why *jung fucking hoseok* and *min fucking yoongi*—the ***goddamn*** student body vice president and president—were staring at him. incessantly. for the duration of the entire student council meeting. even when they were talking to other people.

his face had never felt this hot in his entire life. he knew he was flaming hot pink around his cheeks and the bridge of his nose. he brought his hand up to touch his heated skin to confirm. he thought he heard hoseok giggle. jungkook wanted to die.

at first, he had held genuine hope that maybe...maybe they were interested in him. maybe they wanted to be his friends, his hyungs; to take them under their wings as taehyung and namjoon had. but the giggles and staring and whispering made it seem less like friendly interest and more like the cliques he so dreaded encountering within every new school that his family shoved him into.

(the banter between the two treasurers helped to distract him, though. they were funny.)

after he took his turn in introductions (and suffered the heavy gaze of yoongi and hoseok) he let himself zone out and practice his breathing exercises until the entire round table finished. he was going to survive student council, dammit, and whatever it took to do that, he would do it—even if it meant counting the breaths he took on his fingertips underneath the table and taking long blinks to block out the noise and chatter of the rest of the room.

“...okay, buuut,” some girl drawled, voice high and nasal and airy, and it ripped jungkook right out of lalaland, “it’s gotta still be. i dunno. fun? exciting? last year wasn’t really that...stellar, and this year’s senior class is thinking of ditching homecoming.”

they must be talking about homecoming.

it was an embarrassing event. no one showed up, the catering consisted of bags of chips and a bowl of assorted candy; the dj was a middle-aged white man who only played skrillex and the chainsmokers.

“what? no. no. senior attendance is key for turnout numbers.” the sound of a frown in hoseok’s voice made jungkook’s head snap up in

concern—that was the first time he'd heard anything but sunshine leave the boy's mouth.

the girl who'd originally spoken simply shrugged and jungkook had to restrain himself from pouting as hoseok's face fell further. muted, dimmed looks on jung hoseok just didn't look *right*.

yoongi apparently seemed to think so too, because the senior slipped his hand under the table and jungkook just *knew* it was headed straight for his boyfriend's knee. "alright, what do they propose to *enhance* the homecoming experience."

the girl shrugged again and jungkook swore he'd never wanted to roll his eyes at somebody this hard before. "good music? entertainment? better catering?"

hoseok's eyes looked lost and yoongi looked frustrated and namjoon looked like he was five seconds away from snapping the girl's neck, so jungkook opened his mouth without thinking about the consequences.

"what a-about...an interesting, um. theme?"

all of a sudden, every single pair of eyes in the room were on him; namjoon looked mildly impressed and jungkook struggled to repress a satisfied grin whilst simultaneously holding off puking up his lunch at all of the undivided attention.

"and what would that be," another girl spoke up, this one with shoulder-length blonde hair, "remember. cost-effective, and it's gotta include all of our boards."

at this dose of reality, jungkook's newfound out-spokenness seemed to recoil back into the elusive cavern from which it came forth.

breathe. focus. speak.

“um,” he started, heart rattling in his chest, “something centered around a familiar concept – one that everyone’s seen before, or at least has heard of.”

“something artsy?” some girl pipes up from the corner of the table.

immediately, jungkook relaxes a little bit; art—his comfort zone.
“exactly! perhaps... van gogh’s starry night?”

“*perfect*,” yoongi rumbled from his head seat at the table and jungkook could fucking *die* at how deep and gravelly his voice was, how pretty the light in his eyes shone, how pink and perfect his lips were when he smirked like that...

“a broad topic with plenty of room for all of our committees to participate,” the president continues, “the potential for incredible decorations; and even a pre-existing color scheme. i like the way you think, jeon.” the end of his sentence is delivered with a wink towards jungkook and he *swears* he could burst into flames. right there. on the spot.

namjoon says something, and then other people say something, and jungkook really tries his best to pay attention and focus. he really does. but the praise that yoongi had given him with his deep, sultry voice...it just...

“—sketch of the gym...” was what brought him back to reality.

sketch? a sketch of what? the decorations?

yoongi opened his mouth to speak again and, yup, jungkook was definitely paying attention now. “ah, that’ll be essential for the homeroom representatives to have, so they’ll know which materials to donate and how to set things up within the premise—”

“i-i can handle that...”

once again, all eyes were back on him; at first it made him squirm, but he was slowly getting used to the focused, sharp, intense attention afforded to whomever spoke at student council meetings. “i’m an art student, shouldn’t be too hard.”

at this, the treasurers started bickering about god knows what and for god knows *why*, but namjoon’s voice cut through their petty argument clear and tall; he was requesting jungkook to stay after the meeting in order for them to exchange contact information and...and for some reason. the prospect of *finally* being allowed to interact with namjoon in a friendly way, now that he was officially in student council; the prospect of having namjoon as his hyung...it made his cheeks positively glow with heat and his tongue trip all over itself as he stumbled to mutter out an affirmative.

after that, nothing eventful happened during the meeting (at least, what jungkook categorized as eventful—none of his hyungs paid him very much attention, so the need to take note of what transpired with extreme detail wasn’t there.)

when it was time to adjourn, however, that was when things took a turn.

after the gavel had sounded, jungkook practically zoomed from his seat at the opposite head of the table (where he'd faced the president and vice president) and straight towards namjoon, who received him with a subtle, yet warm, smile and offer to trade phones.

just as he was finishing up with entering his number into the elder's contacts application, a familiar timbre graveled out right beside his ear, "hell-*oh*, i don't believe we've formally met? i'm min yoongi, student body president."

jungkook. was. *swooning*.

he damn near dropped the phone in his hands as he pivoted, eyes wide and face hot, at the sight of *min fucking yoongi* standing before him in all of his student-council swagger.

"i think everyone knows that, hyung. you're kind of a big deal."
namjoon thought his opinion was relevant—clearly, he was wrong.

"correction: he's *The Big Deal*." hoseok had strolled right over to the trio and draped himself over yoongi's broad shoulders and *damn* if they didn't make a couple, "anyways. we're exchanging numbers?"

"you're talking about a lot of this '*we*' business – i didn't know you enrolled in french this year," namjoon snarks. everyone ignores him.

"yes, we're exchanging numbers, m-mister presidents." jungkook can't help the shy stutter that kicks to life within his chest, the junior hopelessly both intimidated and attracted to the pair of men that stood interlocked in front of him.

“oh my god,” yoongi gave a deep chuckle and jungkook died for the eighth time that afternoon, “you don’t – you don’t need to call us that, jungkook. to you, i’m yoongi-hyung.”

"and i'm hoseokie-hyung!" hoseok chimed in with a bright grin that reached down to grip the younger at his core. he couldn't—he couldn't believe this. them. any of it. *all* of it.

jungkook spoke up quietly after all of the numbers had been successfully swapped, eyes shining and heart beating uncomfortably loudly within the tight confines of his chest. “uhm...hyungs...i just wanted...to thank you. for, for being so welcoming.”

hoseok responded first, with a kind smile and bright eyes. “you’re always welcome here, jungkook. student council is more than just a council – we’re a family.”

and for the first time in a long time, jungkook let himself laugh freely with his peers.

no.

his *friends*.

Chapter End Notes

you made it to the end! congrats!

more drama is on the way, so don't get too comfortable...

any questions, comments, concerns, or complaints can be left down below~ thank you for reading and have a lovely day♥☐!
..or night...since i posted this pretty late...T_T

iii. you + him + me = us three

Chapter Summary

by the time that they'd all exchanged goodbyes and the two older boys were in yoongi's truck and cruising out of the neighborhood, jungkook's knees fell out from under him and he slammed his back hard against the oakwood of his front door, hands clutching desperately at each of his cheeks and body sliding down until his ass hit the hard bristles of the welcome mat.

min yoongi. and jung hoseok. just. kissed me.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“you texted joon-ah, right? about the—” hoseok asks casually, munching on the milk bread that he'd snagged from the cafeteria as he and yoongi strolled through the linoleum hallway; after school, the cafeteria always had extra food left over, and would hand it out to students who swung by after the dismissal bell. usually, neither of the presidents had time to make their daily rounds to the sweet-faced lunch ladies as they had as freshman, but today was different.

today, they'd be staying after because of the—

“the workshop, hobi, yes i texted joon-ah,” yoongi rolled his eyes and sipped on his peach soda. his boyfriend had asked the same question eight times in five minutes. “he said he wants to meet us in front of the gym, though, dunno why...but. he did.”

a committee comprised of nine student council members and random volunteers from the student body had been assembled to decorate the gymnasium for homecoming, following jungkook's design. upon

hearing that the junior representative would be attending, yoongi and hoseok had *rushed* to complete the google doc form that would confirm their participation.

as namjoon had read out the names of those who would be a part of the committee during the last semi-student council meeting (ones held on wednesdays for upper-classmen officers only), he'd given the pair of presidents a strange look, one that could only hope to rival the glower that he wore as yoongi and hoseok approached him in front of their school gymnasium's double doors.

"okay, look," he began as the pair came within hearing range, jaw set and pupils shaking, "i don't know what you two have going on. with each other, or jungkook. but i'm here to say that you are *not* going to fuck with him."

hoseok raised his brows, pausing his chewing. "excuse me?"

yoongi furrowed his own. "yeah, excuse me?"

"you just...you two are his *hyungs*, he's. he's sensitive, okay, and whatever games you think you're going to play with him—"

hoseok scoffed incredulously as he ripped a mouthful from the bread raised in his hand. "*'games'?* who said anything about *games*, joon-ah?"

at his friend's warning tone, namjoon drew back his initial vitriol, but pressed on still. "y-you two are already in a relationship...what could you possibly want with him?"

"are you fucking *kidding me*."

the two men jumped at yoongi's flat-toned interjection, and the president gently set his soda can on top of the trash can that rested adjacent to his clenched fist.

“namjoon. you know me and hoseok, and have for years, so an accusation like that is way out of line for that reason alone, first of all. second of all, monogamy is common but not *universal*, and as smart as you are, you should've already taken that into consideration before coming here and insulting me and my boyfriend.”

the junior's head bows, now, though not without narrowed eyes and a set jaw.

“third of all,” yoongi pressed on, “why are you such a *bitch* when it comes to him?”

the fierce frown on namjoon's face takes both of the presidents aback; the namjoon that stands before him now is different from the one who took his scolding obediently with his head down and eyes shut from his hyung just moments ago. “he's—he's *different*, okay.”

“different,” hoseok parrots back slowly, swishing the word around in his mouth, “you...i'm not following.”

yoongi's eyes narrow. “yeah.”

“no, listen,” namjoon sighs, “he. he gets overwhelmed alarmingly easy, and it's hard for him to be so—so *social*, and he'd probably damn near keel over if there was *one* guy trying to pursue him, let alone *two*.” he spits out his last word like he's trying to get the taste of it out of his mouth.

yoongi elects to ignore it. “so, what you’re saying is...”

“what i’m saying is that he’s anxious. all the time. jungkook is anxious, and young, and unused to...to so much stimuli. especially at once.” namjoon steps impossibly closer to the both of him, and lowers his tone. “so for the love of god, *please*. don’t mess around with this kid. he won’t be able to handle it. i’m serious.”

the three of them stay frozen for a moment, gazes all interlocked with one another, as yoongi and hoseok begin to process namjoon’s words—or *plea*, rather.

hoseok is the first to tentatively break their charged silence. “we aren’t messing around with him. we—we want to get to know him.”

“yeah,” yoongi chimes in, “the kid is smart. and talented. if he’s like you said, and he managed to win the elections...”

“it took a toll,” namjoon said with a tight smile, “but he got through it. i did my best to make sure of that.”

hoseok snapped his head up from where it hung, concentrated on the intricate design of the school’s tiling, just to gape at namjoon. “you... you helped him? through elections?”

namjoon’s cheeks flushed. “well. i mean, it wasn’t really—“

“you son of a gun,” yoongi breathed, grinning softly as he pushed open the doors to the gymnasium (his boyfriend in tow), “you two’re

close, then, yeah?”

“i...yes. i guess.”

“then we get it,” grinned hoseok as he poked his head out from the gymnasium doors, “but don’t just, like, arbitrarily disrespect us like that again. or else we’ll fire you.”

the two presidents ignored namjoon’s indignant cry of *‘that’s not even how student council works!’* in favor of strolling inside the wide, spacious area that was the main gym. if you were to pass through the fire-exit doors that were parallel to the ones that the pair had just entered through, you’d turn right, and then left, and find yourself at the school’s smaller gymnasium—the *auxiliary gym* was what the administration had dubbed it. when namjoon had proposed their homecoming concept to the staff, he hadn’t anticipated them to favor it to the extent that they did; which meant, the homecoming ceremony for that year was being upgraded from the auxiliary gym and into the main one, for the first time in years. this meant that the student council needed more decorations, catering, and manpower than ever.

which was why yoongi and hoseok, captains (respectively) of the basketball and dance teams, homecoming kings two years in a row, president and vice president of seoul’s top performing arts high school had decided to put in their hard, dedicated work and volunteer to help with the construction of the gym.

and it obviously had *nothing* to do with the new junior class representative that happened to have also signed up for the same workshop.

it was just a coincidence.

obviously.

this is what yoongi struggled to tell himself as he and hoseok glided through the large double-doors to the gymnasium, and stopped short dead in their tracks at the sight of jeon jungkook with his goddamn *sleeves rolled up*, exposing his toned arms (how the hell did he even get those? did he work out? did art students even work out?) as carried around a stack of boxes from the supply closet to the center of the court.

hoseok sucked in a tight breath. “holy...”

“...shit,” yoongi agreed faintly, throat seizing up as the junior bent down to drop the boxes with the rest.

“hyungs!” jungkook smiled breathlessly as he ambled over to the stricken pair, lips stretched wide across his face. “i didn’t know you volunteered for the workshop! i’d think the school presidents would have more important things to attend than a homecoming set-up...”

the perspiration that glistens underneath jungkook’s chestnut bangs is unfairly distracting for yoongi, who must lick his lips and get a nudge from his boyfriend before jolting back into himself. “no, no. nothing could be more important than – than getting our hands on the...set-up.”

“yeah...” hoseok says, eyes still glued to jungkook’s pectorals, “the set-up...”

jungkook flushes as he fidgets in his spot. “well, we could definitely use all the help we can get.” spinning around on his heel, he begins to

strut away and the pair behind him gasp simultaneously at the lack of imagination that his rather...*flattering* jeans provided. “come on, hyungs, i’ll show you where we need the most hands!”

(beside him, yoongi can see hoseok lick his lips out of the corner of his eye. *oh, i think i already know where we need the most hands.*

yoongi gave a swat at his midsection and began to stride forwards after jungkook. *pervert.*)

;

“i thought you said you were an arts student, jungkook-ah,” hoseok pants as he lifts yet another (considerably heavy) paper-mâché star above his head for the younger to reach from him and nail to the wall from his precarious perch on the school’s flimsy ladder.

“i am,” jungkook answers warily while retrieving the decoration from hoseok’s trembling hands, “and?”

the sound of a strained grunt echoes throughout the gym as the elder bends down to hoist another into the air. “how’d you manage to get so ripped, huh? they got you lifting, like, marble sculptures or something?”

jungkook barks a startled laugh, bending at the waist to grab the star that eagerly awaited him. “uh-um, no...i just do a lot of housework, i guess.”

“jesus,” curses hoseok as he rubs at his hands, “didn’t know laundry could get a man swole like that.”

“hyung!” the younger almost drops his ornament. “i-it’s not that much...i used to go to the gym lots during the summer.”

and as the mental image of jungkook in a sweat-soaked shirt with his jaw clenched, at the bench-press or lifting weights or beating up a punching bag or *whatever* people did at gyms (hoseok didn’t really care) clouded hoseok’s mind, he felt his brain short-circuit and his hearing momentarily cut out.

apparently, his shell-shocked expression gave jungkook a good kick; the junior cracked up, leaning his shoulder against the wall as he chuckled down at hoseok.

the elder only checked back in when he felt a familiarly heavy palm clap down on his shoulder. “i see i leave you two alone for twenty minutes and you’ve already broken my boyfriend, jungkook-ah?” yoongi’s teasing tone and warm, bright eyes triggered an eruption of butterflies in the pit of hoseok’s gut like *he* was the one being spoken to.

jungkook, however, had an entirely different response. his face blanched as he jumped in his spot, hurriedly trying to right himself from his relaxed, leaning position on the wall; in his haste, his momentum was lost and he stumbled on the tiny platform that the top of a ladder platform allowed you, and came tumbling down before yoongi had even blinked.

“*shit*,” spat hoseok, as he grabbed yoongi’s hand and dove under jungkook with both of their arms outstretched, “holy *fu*—“

“gotcha.” yoongi grunted firmly when the weight of the junior crashed into both his and his boyfriend’s awaiting arms. from the way that

jungkook looked up at the pair, gingerly cradled between the both of them, the two elders could feel the breath that they were about to draw suddenly catch in their throats. even though the lights that hung in the gym were artificial and grotesquely fluorescent, they still reflected in jungkook's eyes like beautiful, bright stars in the night sky.

the intense gaze between them is held steadily by the younger, who seems to be just as transfixed as the pair that held him. cherry lips nervously part in question and rabbit teeth begin to gnaw at them as jungkook looks up with a heavy, unspoken question.

unceremoniously, the trio are ripped from their momentary oasis when a loud, overbearing voice booms from just a few feet away.

“fuckin’ *hell*, man! jungkook, you good?”

one of the volunteers for the workshop—a tall, broad, muscled student who looked like he should’ve been a teacher instead of one of the students (*jackson wang, head of the school spirit committee, yoongi’s* brain absently supplies him with)—came barreling towards them, about half of the rest of the volunteer staff trailing closely behind him.

shakily, jungkook climbs out of the interlocked nest of arms that previously supported him, though not before shooting a final, heady glance at the presidents who stood more shell-shocked than he, the boy who’d just fallen from fifteen feet, was.

he nodded sheepishly at jackson and, in extension, the mini-crowd behind him. “y-yeah. sorry, i shoulda been more careful, probably...”

“god, no kiddin’,” the committee head strides forward and throws an arm around his shoulders, “hey, why don’t you come to some of the

lighter work with me for a bit, yeah?”

jungkook panicked, whipping his head back to where the presidential duo stood, still processing the rawness of what had just happened.

it was hoseok who spoke first, albeit softly. “that sounds like a good idea, kook-ah.”

yoongi nodded. “go. find us later.”

hesitantly, the younger nodded, and allowed himself to be swept away by jackson and his crowd as their fussing and cooing remained loud and clear to hoseok and yoongi’s keen ears in the echoing gymnasium.

;

it was later.

the workshop’s official hours were from two-thirty to five-thirty, and by six, the general mass of volunteers began to drift away to the locker rooms to retrieve their book bags and personal items.

by six-ten, jungkook leant awkwardly against the gymnasium entrance doors as he waited.

by six-fifteen, yoongi and hoseok approached and exchanged kind words and kinder smiles as they invited him to hang out (*bowling and dinner, maybe?*).

by six-forty-five, jungkook was having the best goddamned time of his *life*.

the bowling alley was near-deserted at six-fifty-five on a monday evening, and the trio used and abused that fact to their *full* advantage. hoseok squawked at the top of his lungs whenever he hit more than three pins on the first roll, yoongi ordered insane amounts of food that he was sure could feed the entire student body at *least* thrice over, and jungkook...

jungkook basked it all in. the warm, fuzzy, overwhelming, *unfamiliar* sensation of hanging out with friends his age without any type of school obligation, hanging out with friends who laughed at his jokes and made sure he was taken care of and paid attention when he spoke, hanging out with friends who took their time with him when he needed it and never made him feel bad about it, just...hanging out with *friends*.

because jungkook hadn't ever experienced this. not really. being constantly uprooted from where he lived every two, consistent years, suffering from social phobia for as long as he could remember, being the infamous 'quiet kid'...it wasn't an equation that gave way to a solution that included any variables of friendship. or acquaintances. or anyone, really, besides his mother.

but with the way that hoseok shrieked joyously when jungkook hit a strike or a gutter ball; with the way that yoongi made sure first and foremost that jungkook got what he liked, ate until he was full, and even wiped the mess of sauce and salt from his face; the way that they *both* looked after him like they'd been friends since childhood and not since last monday.

well. it made him want to rewrite any and all equations he'd ever known and put him, hoseok, and yoongi as the final product.

this sentiment broiled heavy in his heart as the evening drew into night, and the car ride home turned into the trio scuffing their sneakers on the pavement of jungkook's front porch steps, and suddenly jungkook was staring up uncertainly at his hyungs.

"um..." he began, voice trembling as he wet his chapped lips, "i. j-just wanted to say..."

instead of cutting off his shaky stuttering, hoseok and yoongi merely nodded encouragingly which was what gave him the confidence to continue.

"thank you."

yoongi's face immediately softened; the fluorescent lighting of jungkook's porch lamp refracted distractingly off of yoongi's stretched cheeks. "don't worry about it, kid."

hoseok grinned just as gently, placing a warm hand on the youngest's shoulder. "yeah, kook-ah. we're you're hyungs, we're supposed to treat you to these things!"

"no."

jungkook's firm, harsh denial shocked both of the older boys into silence. when jungkook raised his head from where it had hung low and his bangs had obstructed a clear view of his face, the tears that glistened in his eyes made his hyungs draw in a sharp breath. as if the trio were transported back to the gym from earlier that day, time seemed to slow and the world seemed to stop as all of their gazes interlocked at once.

“no,” jungkook continued abrasively, voice choked up with palpable emotion, “you don’t *get it*. i’ve...i’ve never had, like...i dunno, friends? before? like, ever? and then here you guys go, being so. just. nice. and kind. and *genuine* even though we’ve known each other for like a week tops and i—“

he broke off, swallowing a sob.

“thank you. for being my friends.”

and hoseok. yoongi. they just.

melted.

immediately, the youngest was enveloped in in warm arms and blanketed in reassuring coos as his hyungs did their damndest to reassure the (now openly sobbing) boy that they held in their arms. but the feeling of hoseok’s large, warm hands gently running up and down his spine, and yoongi’s low timbre humming out nonsensical things against the shell of his ear only served to make him cry even *harder*.

yoongi sighed, “oh, jungkookie...”

“*hy-hyu-u-u-ungs*,” he whined in return.

minutes, hours, days, years passed like this; with jungkook crying into the elders’ shoulders, and them willingly embracing and soothing the pain until it ebbed away. hoseok could’ve died and been reborn for however long it was until jungkook reluctantly extricated himself from the tightly interwoven nest of arms that were just as reluctant to

release him.

“m’sorry,” he began, before he was instantly cut off.

hoseok smiled kindly as he bent to incline his head, giving jungkook a swift peck on the cheek. “there is nothing to apologize for.”

yoongi followed in suit, his coarse lips rubbing just the right side of rough against jungkook’s cheek and oh, he was probably speaking, but jungkook couldn’t be damned to have heard because *holy fucking christ, min yoongi and jung hoseok just kissed him.*

by the time that they’d all exchanged goodbyes and the two older boys were in yoongi’s truck and cruising out of the neighborhood, jungkook’s knees fell out from under him and he slammed his back hard against the oakwood of his front door, hands clutching desperately at each of his cheeks and body sliding down until his ass hit the hard bristles of the welcome mat.

min yoongi. and jung hoseok. just. kissed me.

Chapter End Notes

yikes, sorry this is so late :(haven't been feeling the best, but hopefully the fluff & flirty times makes up for it,, thank you for reading & have a lovely day! ♥◻

iv. look at the stars, look how they shine for you

Chapter Summary

the constellation that's right above him is the *summer triangle*; vega, deneb, and altair stare down mockingly at him from their threesome. it may not be dark enough for them to glow, but the tunnel vision highlights them even more and he's sobbing even harder because *fuck*, vega and deneb complete each other's lines beautifully and wholly, a perfect straight line and barely more than a breadths space between them. but altair is farther. much, much farther.

and although all three are apart of the asterism, and although they are each interconnected to the other, altair has always been the furthest away from its partners. and will continue to be until their trio no longer has a place on the map of the night sky.

jungkook's hand falls from his mother's chest and he *wails*.

Chapter Notes

tw for a very vivid description of a panic attack; it's in the second scene after the first asterisk break.

regarding that scene, [here is the summer triangle](#).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“taehyung. help me. is it like—like a thing to...*like* two people? at the same time? holy shit?” on his position atop his bed (belly down, legs up and kicking behind him), he groans into the phone's receiver.

“*unfortunately, jungkookie.*”

jungkook drops his head face-first into the pillow and screams.

from where his phone lays next to him, forgotten and resting harmlessly on his comforter, taehyung's muted giggle echoes. jungkook is expecting the familiar, deep melodious chuckle that immediately sets his bones at ease, but this time taehyung lets out something that sounds...different. minor key. half-hearted. *wrong*.

jungkook drags his face up and grabs his phone. "tae? you good?"

"*yeah*," taehyung answers breezily, "*just. old memories, i guess.*" well if that wasn't an evasive answer if he's ever heard one. normally he wouldn't pry—jungkook rarely does, he knows what it feels like to be interrogated until his head hurts—but there's a niggling sensation in his stomach that tells him something isn't quite right. "memories?" jungkook asks, "what d'you mean?"

taehyung pauses for a moment. "*y'know namjoon?*"

"course i do!"

taehyung sighs from the pit of his stomach, a universe of regret in his voice, "*like i said. old memories.*"

jungkook takes the hint and drops the topic; if taehyung wanted him to know, he would've already told him. so he nods, belatedly remembers that his friend isn't in the same room as him, and hums, "yeah. yeah, okay. but, uh...it is a thing, right? to like two people at once?"

"*of course, kookie. you can like whoever and however you want. unless it's in an unhealthy way, duh. but why do you ask?*"

“uh,” he buries his hot face into the crook of his elbow. “i. i think i might have...feelings. f-for my hyungs.”

“...everyone’s *your hyung*,” drawls taehyung, but the jovial lilt to his tone told jungkook that he knows exactly who he means.

“hoseokie hyung. and yoongi hyung. i—i like them.”

radio silence.

then—

“OH MY GOD, HOW CUTE!”

he has to hold the receiver a foot away from his ear as taehyung shrieks his excitement into the receiver. jungkook wants to be just as excited as taehyung, and actually, he kind of is. but that excitement comes hand in hand with a kind of anxiety that settles heavy and daunting in his gut.

this is something new. very, very new. and as much as moving halfway across the world every two years makes it a little difficult to have qualms with new experiences, he can’t *help it*. he can’t just will away the weak knees he gets talking to unfamiliar faces, he can’t forget the pesky little voice in the back of his head that’s constantly reminding him that *you can’t do this, you can’t do anything, you never will*, and he *certainly* can’t imagine how he would expel the mounting pinch in his stomach at the prospect of his first crush—or *crushes*, rather.

jungkook can sense a cold front boding dark and brooding on his horizons.

distantly, bleakly, he chuckles within the confines of his own skull.

yeah, he thinks, *how cute*.

;

it's been about three hours since he'd gotten off the phone with taehyung and, alright. he's, like, low-key flipping shit.

...possibly high-key.

okay, fine, he has a panic attack.

it's not like he can control these things! contrary to whatever the popular belief may be, no amount of hydroxyzine or appointments with dr. yang or breathing exercises or counting backwards from ten could possibly hope to reduce his panic attacks to a thing of the past; it simply wasn't realistic, at least in the terms of his adolescent years.

so when jungkook had felt the familiar tightening of his chest and scrambling of his thoughts and sudden absence of air in his lungs, he'd only done what came natural.

he panicked more.

he's never been attracted to anyone in his life, let alone *two* people at *once*—let alone *men*. who were *already in a relationship with each other*. and no matter how many kisses or hugs or kind glances that they'd given him, at the end of the day they'd still been involved with one another for a million years, it seemed like. and jungkook was the outsider.

as usual.

these thoughts only further exacerbate the whirling hurricane confined within his ribcage and jungkook struggles to draw air into his lungs. it's been a while since an episode had hit him this hard; had rendered him paralyzed and convulsing on the carpet of his room and he doesn't know *how* or *when* but suddenly his mother is in his doorway and dropping her basket of carefully folded laundry with an "*oh no, oh no.*"

familiar fingers snatch up his own trembling ones and press them to her chest, urging him to match her pace of breathing. jungkook tries, oh he tries, but the pressure in his brain still won't let up and the only thing his eyes can see clearly through the tunnel vision are glow in the dark stars that stick to the ceiling. back at the beginning of his transfer in sophomore year, taehyung had flippantly mentioned his affinity for astronomy during their frequent lunch periods spent alone at their own table; and when jungkook asked *well what's so cool about it, anyways?* it went all downhill from there.

after taehyung's impromptu lunch-lessons that spanned from the likes of ptolemy to sagan, his bookshelves were suddenly filled with the works of the stars, and the ones pasted to his ceiling resembled *actual* constellations, just like real ones that could be seen after the sun went down. it soothed him, looking up late at night; they reminded him that he is but a speck in the universe and *this too shall pass*.

this time is different, though.

the constellation that's right above him is the *summer triangle*; vega, deneb, and altair stare down mockingly at him from their threesome. it may not be dark enough for them to glow, but the tunnel vision highlights them even more and he's sobbing even harder because *fuck*, vega and deneb complete each other's lines beautifully and wholly, a perfect straight line and barely more than a breadths space between them. but altair is farther. much, much farther.

and although all three are apart of the asterism, and although they are each interconnected to the other, altair has always been the furthest away from its partners. and will continue to be until their trio no longer has a place on the map of the night sky.

jungkook's hand falls from his mother's chest and he *wails*.

;

after his panic attack (which jungkook likes to refer to as The Incident), student council is noticeably different. not just to him, but to the other members as well. before the sunday on which The Incident took place, the meetings were something he always looked forwards to. seeing his fellow classmates treat him warmly and kindly as their new addition made it easier for jungkook to blossom into his natural, relaxed self, even with those who he didn't hang out with regularly. park jimin, head of the charity and volunteering committee often made conversation with him before and after meetings despite being his senior with indescribably more experience in student council than he did. even the senior class representative girl, hani, would occasionally ruffle his hair and beam at him as they crossed paths in the hallways.

not anymore.

it was as if he'd stepped into a time machine and was transported to the beginning of junior year. suddenly, everything and everybody was scary, new, intimidating. he retracted into his former state of speaking only when spoken to and flinching *when* spoken to. not even the treasurer girls' bickering was enough to have him crack a smile.

and it's not like nobody's caught on, as much as he hates to make them worry about something as insignificant as *him*. people as distant as minhyuk from the school spirit branch, who he's maybe talked to about three times, pulls him aside after a meeting asking if *jungkook ssi, you okay? we've all noticed you've been a bit off...*

it kills him to lie to these people who are so compassionate, so fiercely close-knit. his stomach roils in nausea every time he has to assure somebody that he's just fine.

it pains him even more to avoid *them*.

the first meeting was especially hard. all he wanted to do was go up to yoongi and hoseok and have them take him out bowling again, or to the arcade, or even just to walk around the neighborhood aimlessly, he didn't care as long as they were together; but the minute he'd catch yoongi's eye or hoseok's wink, jungkook's body was lit up white-hot with anxiety.

the post-meeting period—usually a time for socializing with friends—was now made a round of hide and seek between namjoon, yoongi, hoseok, and himself. instead of zipping over to his hyungs at lightning speed like how he normally would, jungkook instead ducks his head and crouches behind classmates as he attempts to escape the crowded boardroom.

(he never looks back. he never sees the twin expressions of hurt confusion that set like tar in the lines of the presidents' faces. the expressions of shock and guilt, the expressions that drive namjoon to corner him in the hallways long after the final bell had rung. the elder pinned him in place, his backpack digging into his spine from where it was crushed against the lockers.

"did they hurt you." it was barely a question what with the way namjoon growls it low and serious from the base of his chest. "they're my friends, jungkook, my best friends, but i need to know if they hurt you. sometimes they don't realize—"

jungkook shakes his head incredulously. "god, no, never. actually. uh. i—i think i'm hurting them."

"...how so?"

and it takes a world of courage he wasn't even aware that he possessed to drag his head up and look at namjoon's hard face square in the eye instead of boring holes into the tiled flooring like he had just a moment ago.

"i. i think i like them, namjoon. oh god, i think i really *really* like them. and that's kinda weird, you know? 'specially 'cause i never felt this way about *anybody* before. not girls, not guys. and i'm—"

here, jungkook breaks off and it takes him a second to realize that the reason why his voice gives out is because he's started to cry. when, he doesn't know, only that the tears stream faster now. "i'm *scared*, hyung. i'm so scared i'm so scared 'iss so scary, they're so good to me an' i don't wanna mess it up but i'm *scared*—"

namjoon can't take it anymore. his façade cracks, the curtains come down, and he embraces jungkook with a squeeze that holds all of the words he is unable to express. his ever-present eloquence has been stripped from him now, in the wake of his friend's anguish. seeing jungkook cry...it was just something you didn't want to see if you cared for the wellbeing of your heart.

"jungkookie," he sushes, "jungkookie, don't cry,"

"b-but ho-o-ow—" hiccups litter jungkook's syllables and namjoon only holds on tighter. during campaigning season, back when jungkook was first coming out of his shell and admittedly struggled with it, namjoon was there for the hyperventilating. namjoon was there for the dizzy spells and the moments of self-doubt at two in the morning with calls like *hyung i don't think i can do this* or *hyung just give up on me*.

namjoon was never there for this before.

the howls that rack through jungkook's body make him sound like a banshee as they reverberate off of the empty corridor's walls. he feels himself begin to panic because what the *fuck he's never seen this out of jungkook before* but steels himself; he is not the one who needs stable footing right now.

so reluctantly, he whispers words he would've never thought he'd hear himself say. "it's okay, kook. it's okay to like whoever you want, even if it's—if it's two people. if that's what you want then that's what you want. and believe me when i say," namjoon pulls back now to look jungkook in his teary eyes, "that yoongi and hoseok would tell you what i'm telling you right now,"

"hyung, wh—"

“talk to them. they miss you.”)

it's already hard to duck and cover in meetings where there was *always* full attendance to assure him maximum human-shields, but workshops were exponentially harder. the amount of people jungkook is used to is now cut in half and they are all spread wide amongst the spacious gymnasium. nowhere to run, nowhere to hide.

it's more than mildly terrifying.

he sticks close to a senior he's talked to in passing (*kim seokjin*, he thinks) and lets the elder's jokes wash over his jagged, rocky edges like the soothing waves of the ocean. he even finds himself laughing at some of the absolutely ridiculous stunts seokjin pulls just to draw a giggle out of him; jungkook can definitely see how he made it onto the school spirit committee.

at one point yuju from charity and volunteering wonders over to their little corner and helps them make the papier-mâché stars that are to be hung around the perimeter of the gym. eventually they'll have to exchange them with those in charge of pasting them to the walls, and as he casts a furtive glance to the crew that's handling the job he feels his heart stutter to a stop.

yoongi and hoseok meet his gaze almost instantly, almost like they'd already been staring at him before he turned around. both their faces are fixed in an unreadable expression—yoongi's eyebrows are furrowed and his mouth pinches like he's in pain; hoseok's lips turn down at the ends in a droopy triangle. he's got his arms crossed. the tight white shirt he's wearing is pulled taught around his biceps. jungkook loses his breath.

later, yoongi mouths.

against his better judgement he nods back, but makes no move to turn away. neither do they.

it hits him then in that moment just how much he's missed their bubbly laughs, their raucous escapades, the way their eyes shone whenever they caught his own. the memories burn worse than any cut or injury or broken bone or twisted ankle or any kind of pain he's ever gone through. it's excruciating and hot like a star close to death; it feels like *he's* close to death.

and jungkook knows how it sounds. he knows that a high school crush isn't supposed to squeeze so violently around his heart like a snake preparing its dinner and he knows he's not supposed to feel like he'll drop dead every time one of them looks his way; but this is not just a high school crush.

they are his first crush, his first suitors, and maybe—if he dares to let his mind wander that far—his first loves.

suddenly, jungkook cannot wait until *later*. he feels his legs unfold from their criss-cross underneath his body and he's propelling himself across the gym in what starts as a hasty stride but quickly turns into a sprint. the confused exclamations of his peers are easy to ignore when all he can see are the surprised upturns of his hyungs' faces as he draws near enough to snatch up their wrists and drag them out the double doors, away from the gym, away from prying eyes and perked ears. he does not realize he's panting like a dog after a round of fetch until he feels familiar hands rub soothing circles into his spine.

“easy,” hoseok murmurs and that's when jungkook loses it.

“i’m sorry,” he really does try to be purposeful to get his apology across clearly but once the words crop up in his mind they flow in a sloppy mash directly from his brain and out through his mouth, any filter he’d had now rendered defunct, “mreally sorry’n’i know i shoulda talked instead of ignorin’ you but i. i didn’ know what to do’n’t then namjoon hyung told me to—not that i’m jus’ doin’ this ‘cause he told me to—he said i should talk to you guys, so...”

jungkook trails off lamely.

“here i am.”

he tries not to cower at yoongi’s firm tone. “can we touch you, jungkook-ah?”

“ye—“

before he can finish his sentence there are arms surrounding him from both sides, completely enveloping his shaky body and he’s really. really. *really* tired of crying and he honestly thinks he doesn’t have any more tears left to produce but the familiar trembling in his chest proves otherwise. “oh, jungkookie,” he hears one of them say, “kookie, don’t cry.”

without warning, yoongi pulls back and spins him so that jungkook faces him head-on. on a good day, his hyung’s stare is intermediately intimidating. and he’s speaking as someone who he considers relatively close. now, though, the slant of yoongi’s lids cut sharp like knives over steady black eyes that slice icicles through his gut. his gulp is audible in the heavy silence.

“we are not mad at you. okay?”

jungkook begins to shake his head, begins to open his mouth to counter that *no you should be*, but boxy fingers grip tight at his chin and keep his jaw in place. hoseok’s hands run up and down his arms in a calming stroke. jungkook feels like he’s going to faint. “hush, baby.”

jungkook is definitely going to faint.

“we’re not mad,” yoongi repeats, “we were never mad. at least, not at you.” jungkook’s eyebrows come together in a puzzled furrow, nonverbally communicating the obvious question that hangs in the air: *then who?*

“we. we were so angry at ourselves, kookie. we thought we *hurt* you.” hoseok is speaking now, his once-boisterous timbre now reduced to a shell of its former self.

“no. no, no, no. never. it was me, i was just—i got scared.”

hands suddenly fall away from their soothing rhythm on his arms. fingers drop from his chin in shock. yoongi’s face contorts into something worse than the guilt he’d previously been sporting; the purse of his lips, the scrunch at the corner of his eyes, the glass that gleams in his irises like fine china...

“scared?” he sounds small. alarmingly so.

“*you guys didn’t do anything*. it just. it’s. you two... you’re my first? ever? i’ve never really had anybody i liked or—or had anybody that

liked me. and you're already with each other so i thought," the tears start to well up again, much to his chagrin, "i thought that. there wasn't room for me...i thought it was silly to believe that you *actually* liked me."

silence.

and then,

"*sweetheart*," they both coo simultaneously and encircle him once again; this time it's not just him who's got wet cheeks. jungkook never thought he'd hear (let alone witness) the infamous Min Yoongi crying, but there he is, with his face buried into jungkook's neck and wetness seeping into jungkook's collar. hoseok fairs no better, hugging him impossibly tight from the back, head mirroring yoongi's position on the opposite side of his neck.

jungkook's always thought that they match each other in a perfectly, unattainably, beautifully identical way.

but from where he lays cuddled and swaddled in between them, jungkook finally begins to believe that he's their line of symmetry.

Chapter End Notes

there's no excuse for how late this is. "OTL

(maybe...possibly...an epilogue is being outlined...)

tell me what you think! and thank you for reading.

v. loose ends

Chapter Summary

all that matters is that they love each other like how the earth loves the moon loves the sun.

Chapter Notes

a longer chapter featuring promposals, copious astronomical references, and an end to the vmon drama.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

it's not an uncommon occurrence for the three of them to lounge around in yoongi's room after school hours. it became a habit after sophomore year elections (junior year for yoongi); and even though the trio had been friends for far longer, the intensity of the campaigning season was the glue that provided them not only with an intimate friendship, but a brotherhood; the kind that they're sure will extend far past their high school days.

and here they find themselves now: hoseok laying upside down and halfway off of yoongi's comforter as he scrolls absently through his phone; yoongi clicking away aimlessly at his desktop he's got set up underneath the monitor he uses for tinkering around with garage band; and namjoon spread-eagled on the carpet as he flicks through this week's obscure title he'd snatched from the dusty old bookstore down the street. whenever he manages to drag the two of them along, the ancient lady that runs the rickety old thing will offer them lemonade and cookies in exchange for a little menial labor (yoongi always complains, but hoseok doesn't miss the small smile that plays at his lips as he bites into the soft skin of the cookies.)

over the top of namjoon's head, the two presidents exchange a look with each other. they'd prepared an agenda for today's hang-out, though unbeknownst to its victim.

hoseok starts off with a mild, "so. jungkook confronted us last week."

namjoon pauses for a split second in his page-flipping before beginning again. “is that so,” he drawls, tone flat.

“mm. he mentioned something i thought was interesting—didn’t you think it was interesting, yoongi?”

“quite.” the senior’s eyes don’t leave his screen, attempting to keep up their pretense of nonchalance. “it was, dare i say, *intriguing*.”

hoseok struggles to subdue his grin as he sits up. “i’d say the same!” he slides down on the ground to reach namjoon, gently plucking the book from his hands and taking care to dog ear his spot. “would you like to guess what that was, joonie?”

the pet name. the pair only ever called him that when they 1) wanted something, 2) plotted against him, or 3) were mad.

namjoon was stuck between anticipating two or three.

“...i don’t know what you guys me—“

“jungkook said that you told him to come talk to us.” and, oh, yoongi was spinning around in his desk chair and fixing namjoon with The Voice and The Stare.

namjoon was no longer stuck between anticipating two or three.

he moves to straighten up. “i did—“

“listen,” interrupts hoseok, “we appreciate your concern. really. but, what the fuck?”

yoongi stands and joins the two where they sit with their backs on the sideboard of the bed. he knew his straight face and wide gait gave off a bit of an impression, but he wasn’t as mad as he was just—

“we’re just confused. weren’t you the one only a month or two ago who, basically, told us to leave the kid alone?”

“and then questioned our intentions with him? like you’re his dad?”

“and then insinuated that we were using him?”

“and *then*—“

“okay! alright! i admit it...i was being a douchebag.” namjoon cringes and whips off his glasses to rub at the bridge of his nose. “i was a being a super huge douchebag. a magnum douchebag. i just...”

“...get your head stuck in your ass whenever polyamory’s brought up?”

it’s as if the word threw acid in his face. namjoon screws up his features into a tight pinch and puts a hand to his forehead like he’s in pain. it’s not normal for him to have such a visceral reaction to something—namjoon is one of the most well put-together people that either yoongi *or* hoseok knows with a composure that is professional at best, and terrifying at worst; he carries himself with a grace that

hints to something far beyond his years. but the namjoon that sits in between them with his head in trembling palms is not the namjoon that they know. glasses askew, bangs hanging in auburn wisps down unto his brow from where it was formerly gelled to the side in his signature style...this wasn't *him*.

"i just don't understand it," he sighs, "i grasp the concept and i'm aware that it's practiced in real life by real people, but...how would it work? it just doesn't seem feasible. wouldn't there be jealousy, an imbalance of power or affection? loneliness?"

the silence that permeates the room is stifling.

all three shift uncomfortably, because it isn't like namjoon is bringing up moot points. it isn't like he's not verbalizing worries that yoongi and hoseok haven't thought of at three in the morning on skype calls with the repetitious, frazzled mantra of "*can we actually make this work?*"

the call always ends with the resolve to try. for the three of them.

"but—isn't that true for all relationships?"

namjoon whips his head up. "huh?"

"like, there's always gonna be issues like you said in any relationship, whether there's two people or ten," hoseok elaborates, "but that's what communication is for. as well as trust, faith, and...love."

yoongi snorts, "that was really gay, but yeah. hobi's right."

“...oh.”

and yoongi and hoseok begin to laugh, setting reassuring palms on namjoon’s quaking shoulders, but are perplexed to be met with their hands being shrugged off and their friend leaping off of the bed and bounding towards the door. “namjoon-ah, where the hell are you going?”

“i’m such a fucking idiot. oh my god.”

“...joonie, we already forgave you—“

“i appreciate it, but you’re not the ones i need to hear that from.” and then namjoon is gone before either of them can process his words. yoongi can hear the thundering footsteps that plow and plunder through his house (he’s almost positive a lamp is knocked over in his haste) and turns to hoseok with his eyebrows raised as namjoon finally flies out of the front door like a bat out of hell.

“so. you got any idea what the context is for that one?”

“no fuckin’ clue.”

;

the western-style lunch menu the cafeteria served today steams hot and heavy on his tray. jungkook dejectedly stabs at the weird pudding of potato as he sighs. “tae?”

“hm?” the senior barely gazes up from where he sits hunched over his spaghetti. red sauce spatters like freckles across his cheeks.

“does it ever just hit you sometimes...” he huffs, feeling his cheeks redden. “does it ever just hit you that you’ve been a really big dummy?” the churning in jungkook’s stomach had kick started during first period with just a slight gurgle and murmur here or there, but as his classes drew on the pain twisted around his gut and squeezed with every blink of his eyes, with every exhale. the disgusting discomfort had even traveled up his sternum and into his lungs, infiltrating his path of oxygen until it made itself nice and comfy within his brain and seeped into his thoughts.

jungkook is anxious.

taehyung frowns and sets down his fork, red sauce still clinging to his lips. “kookie? what do you mean?”

“oh, i don’t know...like, now that i talked to hoseokie hyung and yoongi hyung, everything should be fine, right? but i still don’t know if. if we’re—if i’m their—“

“oh,” his friend coos wistfully, “you want to be their *boyfriend*.”

at this point, jungkook is done denying the obvious; no matter how red his face gets whenever confronted with it. no matter how high he feels his body temperature climb at the prospect of his hyungs being—being *that* for him.

even if he’s not denying it, the words are still a bit. difficult. but when *aren’t* words difficult. (he supposes for people that have their shit

together, but he can't relate.)

shyly, jungkook nods, and winces at taehyung's subsequent wailing. he knew it was a mistake to bring up the topic of his hyungs with taehyung—the senior's pitch rose several decibels just at the word “*hyungs*”—but jungkook was in need of guidance, and the ugly tar that bubbled thick in his bloodstream today wouldn't begin dissipate without some.

“i just...i'm not sure how to ask. and it should be special, right? i don't want it to be something casual or. or simple? ‘cause that's not how i feel about them.”

sticky hands are suddenly encompassing his cheeks with a hard squish. “oh. my. god. has anyone ever told you how fuckin' precious you are? too late, i already am. you're fuckin' *precious*.” taehyung's probably getting marinara sauce all over his face but jungkook does not have it in him to fret too much about that right now. “*hyung*,” he whines, “i'm serious. how should i do this? you've got experience, right?”

it's never been a big secret to him (or the student body, really) that taehyung...gets around. it's calmed down significantly now that he's mellowed out into his senior year, but taehyung's reputation of the infamous *call xxx-xxx-xxxx for a good time* type of persona still follows him. although he treats it like he's something of a legend—and in a way, he is—sometimes the forced-laughs and not-so-nonchalant-nonchalance he plays it off with are not as convincing as he'd like them to appear.

(jungkook will never forget the day back in sophomore year where *village bicycle* was scrawled in huge, blocky sharpie all down taehyung's locker. he had never seen his hyung cry before then.)

so perhaps it hadn't been the best idea to use that phrasing. jungkook could kick himself in the ass as warm, comforting palms un-stick themselves from his cheeks and taehyung sits himself back down on his stool. "that's one way to put it," he grins thinly, "but i'm not sure i'm the best person to go to for advice on how to ask somebody to go steady...*wait*, ohmygod,"

"tae?"

his gaze is deadly serious. "jungkook. Have you ever heard of a *promposal*?"

"um...no, but if it's what i think it is—"

"okay, so like, it's when you ask someone out to prom—in our case, homecoming—with a big fancy grand gesture! obviously, you'd want to make one hundred percent sure that they're gonna say yes before putting them on the spot in public like that, but i'm *sure* your boys wouldn't turn you down, huh? you guys have been hanging out non-stop ever since last week, it's like your dicks are glued together or something."

"*hey*," jungkook interjects and he can feel the heat radiating off of his face in waves, "anyways. um. i'm not opposed to it. but, uh...that's gonna be a lot of people watching, yeah? if we're talking about in public..."

"i'm not gonna lie. the whole damn school's probably gonna be watching, 'specially 'cause you're asking out *both* of the student body presidents—like, who does that?"

me, i guess, jungkook thinks. "but that's okay. as long as it's for yoongi hyung and hoseokie hyung," is what he says out loud, voice catching

and trembling with nerves but his words sure and steady; he means them, too. if it's for them...he's not sure that there's anything he wouldn't do. "but, uh. what exactly is my promposal?"

"oh, jungkookie," he's not sure if he likes the glint that shines dark and promising in taehyung's eyes. "that is for us to brainstorm, and for them to find out."

;

these workshops are *killing him*.

on one hand, he gets to see his hyungs almost every day immediately after school. the awkwardness that once hung in the air like a velvet curtain has now been strung down and the three of them get along just as well as before, if not *better* now that the lines of communication are clear. jungkook is able to horse around with them and joke and be goofy—hoseok usually joins in and yoongi only pretends to be annoyed for a couple of seconds before he bursts out and makes a fool of himself with the other two. it's also particularly nice to feel the plush press of their lips against the apples of his cheeks after they drop him off at home every night, his blush glowing like an aura under the fluorescent porch lights. (yoongi always strokes his cheeks with his heavy thumbs and tells him that he's ethereal. jungkook tries not to die.)

but on the other hand.

every time they look at him, guilt constricts painfully around his heart and *squeezes* until he's left breathless at the sight of their gazes on him, so fond and so soft. if he felt like an idiot before, he feels like a fuckin' moron now; how could he have been so blind to have never noticed the way their eyes melt at the sight of him? the way their breathing goes quick and shallow whenever jungkook flashes them a

smile? they're whipped (but he says this like he isn't himself.)

the guilt, though. it pierces through his gut like a knife and twists so violently because he wants—he wants so badly to be able to truly confess and to pop the question they're all teetering around. he wants to be theirs; wants them to be *his*. yet still, he knows that in the middle of a half-decorated gym when they're all in sweaty tank tops and loose joggers is not the ideal time to ask somebody out.

jungkook doesn't really want to remember their first night as a couple smelling like dirty gym socks.

so he bides his time. to distract himself from the near-unbearable longing, jungkook throws himself into *operation: promposal*, as taehyung had dubbed it. every day that jungkook was unable to hang out with his hyungs they would always pout and ask *why, jungkookie, are you already getting tired of us?* to which jungkook would laugh and wink with *it's a secret, hyungies*. a kiss to each of their cheeks always seemed to melt the wondering off of their pretty faces, even if it was only for a little bit.

and while the pair went off on their way (presumably back to yoongi's house), jungkook would hop into taehyung's truck which waited for him in the desolate parking lot far after school hours, and they would drive to his house to make headway into *operation: promposal*.

jungkook's mother adored taehyung. whenever he would turn up with the senior at his side, his mother would always coo at the "delightful surprise!" and whip up cookies, or brownies, or even a cake (yes, she really had one time.) jungkook never questions or complains, though; it's hard *not* to love taehyung.

the hard part comes in when they inevitably retreat into jungkook's room to craft all of the materials the junior would need to pull off a

successful promposal. their scheme was elaborate, tricky, and required express permission from the administration (this is where having close ties to the student body presidents comes in handy.) but just imagining the surprised flush on hoseok hyung's face...the dancing glimmer of glass in yoongi hyung's usually half lidded eyes...

it reminds him that this is for his dearests; his *loves*.

"hey, loverboy," calls taehyung, "stop spacing out for a sec and gimme a hand with these watercolors—I wanna know if they meet your *boyfriends-worthy* standards." and jungkook would tell him to shut it, would correct him, but only if taehyung wasn't absolutely right. jungkook's standards were *impeccably* high when it came to doing anything for his hyungs. they deserved nothing but the best, and that is what jungkook would give them.

and looking at the poster taehyung had sketched, designed, and hand-painted for him...jungkook knew that his hyungs were definitely getting nothing but the best.

"oh, taehyung," he breaths, "it's...it's gorgeous!"

taehyung grins something cocky. "i know. thanks for confirming it, though."

this time, jungkook doesn't hesitate to give him a piece of his mind.

;

(it happens while taehyung is up on the rooftop for his religious skipping of last period, cigarette in hand and smoke wafting upwards

into the clear blue sky. he hears the rusty squeak of the *custodian-only* door's hinges and pays it no mind; he assumes it's jungkook. but it is only when a familiarly lanky body—that is *quite* un-jungkook like—settles down next to his own hunched body...it is only then does taehyung glance at who's seated beside him.

even though he doesn't really need to look.

“what are you doing here,” he sighs with a puff of smoke. “come ‘round again to tell me how shameful my *‘lifestyle’* is?”

“n-no, i—“

“no? what about how i'm just a desperate cheater?”

“taehyung, lis—“

“maybe even call me a slut again, hm?”

“*i'm sorry.*”

for the first time in a very long time, namjoon looks taehyung in the eyes as he speaks. taehyung hadn't paid such rapt attention to what came out of namjoon's mouth ever since their horrendous fucking break up where he'd—where he'd said such *awful* things. things taehyung still thinks about in the dead of night. things that were branded hot and heavy into taehyung's skull as he'd spent an hour after school scrubbing *village bicycle* off of his locker. things taehyung didn't forget no matter how much time had passed and how many scabs grew over sore wounds.

he raises an eyebrow but his expression remains stoic. it's hard to keep up that unaffected front what with the way his cigarette trembles in his fingers, but hey. nobody's perfect. "for what? it's in the past, isn't it?"

"it doesn't matter," namjoon says firmly as he holds his gaze, "i never apologized for how i acted and how. how i hurt you."

taehyung can't hold back the scoff that claws up his throat; oh, if he had a dime for how many times he's heard that one before. "please. it's alright. with that big ol' brain of yours, it bothers you when you don't understand something, huh? you just didn't understand, did you?"

"i do now."

"really." the caustic drag in taehyung's voice is almost as dry as the hit he takes from the cig. "enlighten me, then."

"there's nothing wrong with being poly—polyamorous."

taehyung drops the cigarette.

"it's...it's no different than a monogamous relationship—well, i mean, obviously, because there's more than two people—but. uh. it still has the same fundamental components of any other relationship a-and it has it's problems, sure, but don't all relationships? just because it's between more than...two people, doesn't make it wrong, or immoral, or—"

“namjoon,” taehyung cuts in. “you know i had a crush on park jimin while we were together, right?”

“yes.”

“you know i was honest about it and tried my best to explain, right?”

“yes.”

“...you know i loved you, right?”

he flinches. “yes.”

“you know i never stopped, right?”

the widening of his features would almost be hilarious if it were not for the situation at hand. namjoon’s eyes swell up and his face and neck grow an almost unhealthy shade of red; the hand that snakes up to tug at his collar is shaking so badly that it makes taehyung want to reach out and steady it with his own. “i do now.”

fuck if that doesn’t pull on his heartstrings. “did you? stop, i mean.”

“no.” namjoon’s answer is quick, a knee-jerk reaction that only flushes his face an even darker tint and taehyung cannot restrain himself any longer; gently, tentatively, he scoots forwards and reaches out to remove namjoon’s wiry glasses before setting them down on the concrete next to their merging shadows. the bright afternoon sun glints off of namjoon’s skin and makes him shine like he’s golden, the

rouge set deep in his cheeks glimmering like rubies. taehyung feels his heart stutter to a stop in his chest. “you still suck,” he murmurs, millimeters away from namjoon’s lips which part in surprise, “but i’m gonna kiss you now. okay?”

“yeah,” he whispers as taehyung moves to close the distance between them, “yeah. okay.”)

;

it’s three days before homecoming and today’s the day.

jungkook feels like he’s going to vomit.

he’s not worried about the set-up; the preparations were made with the administration, jungkook had been let out of last period early enough to set down the materials necessary to the scheme, and he’d even snagged the watercolor masterpiece taehyung had painted and scurried with his tail between his legs to the school’s courtyard.

he’s not worried about the set-up.

what if...what if they said no?

what if his hyungs really didn’t feel *that* closely towards them? he knows, he knows—they’ve already had this discussion before and the issue at hand is no longer whether or not jungkook has a place between them because he does. he knows he does.

but what if he wasn't meant to be a boyfriend?

what if they didn't want to be serious with him like *that*?

after all, yoongi was headed to college after this year (he'd gotten into fucking *yonsei*), and he knew that him and hoseok would be seniors together but...what if jungkook was a way to pass the time until they were both in college and had no use for him anymore? what if yoongi changed his mind and met someone better while he was at university and broke up with him and hoseok? what if, what if, what if—

no.

jungkook takes deep, slow, measured breaths and focuses on what taehyung's told him. what namjoon's told him. what fucking yoongi and hoseok themselves have told him.

he is important to them. they care for him. and they would never, ever try to hurt him. they *hate* to see him hurt.

and with these thoughts swirling around in his brain, lifting him up from the tarry black pit he'd been entrenched in mere moments ago, jungkook clutches the poster even tighter to his chest and waits.

;

yoongi and hoseok shoot each other perplexed glances as their principal announces that there will be a "special event" occurring after the final bell, and instructs students to line the hallways when it rings. as student body presidents, almost all school events cross their desks at some point or another—even things as insignificant as lunch

menu re-schedules, let alone something of this magnitude. but perhaps administration had made a mistake and forgot to notify them; yoongi considers shooting them an e-mail, but forgoes the idea when he realizes that they will be finding out what's going on in just a couple of minutes anyways.

the warning bells begin to ring faintly in the backs of their heads when their last-period teacher pulls them aside and tells them in hushed timbre that “you two are to exit after everybody else clears the room, got it?”

hoseok nods and scratches at the nape of his neck. *what the fuck?*

yoongi smiles out an affirmative while looping his pinky with hoseok's. *i know.*

end of the day chatter permeates the room as soon as the announcements are finished and everybody knows that school rules really don't apply in these last ten minutes before the bell, and both boys have never been more thankful for this folkway as they whip out their phones and open the groupchat.

hoseok

admin didn't tell us about this??????

yoongi

yeah like what the shit

yoongi

kook do you know whats going on

yoongi
...kookie
?

hoseok
baby

this time, the warning bells are ringing clearly in both sets of ears, although it's mostly out of concern for jungkook. their junior is usually the *first* one to begin spamming the chat as soon as announcements end (and he even texts during classes as well—they've tried to scold him, it didn't work), and they know that he could just be away from his phone or in the bathroom or talking to a friend but...

they just can't shake the feeling that settles tight in their chests.

"you think he's alright," murmurs hoseok as he locks his phone and slips it into his back pocket. yoongi doesn't give a verbal response, instead jerking his neck to the side like he's got a crick in it; a habit they'd picked up from jungkook, a tick that'd show up whenever he wasn't sure of something. right now, both of their necks itch.

yoongi texts namjoon next to ask if he knows what the hell is going on, to which the junior replies with a rushed *busy hyugn srryan tttalk* and then radio silence. he goes as far as to reach out to kim taehyung (his number still saved in his phone from way back when he was still involved with namjoon.) the media file he receives in response has his eyebrows disappearing beneath his bangs.

it's a picture of namjoon; school-issued button down halfway undone, jacket nowhere to be seen, cheeks flushed, lips spit-slicked, and a dark black bruise on the center of his neck that looks too severe for the simple term *hickey*.

“seok-seok,” yoongi says faintly as he flashes the screen towards his boyfriend, “why did kim taehyung just send this to me?”

hoseok cracks up. “guess they’re back together, huh?”

but before they can even begin to discuss it because *when the hell*, the final bell sounds and their classmates are rushing out the doors. from the glass window laid out in the center of the wooden classroom door, hoseok can make out the locker-clad walls obediently lined with students. he wonders how the principal had gotten all of them—even the rowdier ones—to participate, but the nervous smiles and charged chatter gave them the pair the feeling that *yet again*, everybody knew something that they didn’t.

“go on, boys,” and there’s their teacher. when they look back at her she’s got a wistful smile on her face as she shoos them out the door. as the oakwood slams shut behind them, hoseok thinks he can catch her sighing, “*young love...*”

the minute they set foot outside of the classroom, the alarm bells blast so hard and so loud that both of the boys’ ears pop.

a trail of yellow cut-out stars lead from where they stand and to the end of the hallway, where the stellar path takes a sharp left. yoongi and hoseok whip their heads to face one another.

(you don’t think...

...it couldn’t be...)

as they walk along, yoongi collects each star, taking care to shuffle them gently into an even order and smoothing out any crinkles or folds or flaws—he will let nothing mar this moment. the students that line the corridors look on with a myriad of expressions; some with knowing glances, some with confused smiles, and some with pure, unadulterated glee at witnessing something that’s truly once-in-a-lifetime. more than a couple kids have their phones up and recording. neither of them would be surprised if this shows up on their timelines later.

the boyfriends turn the corner and their breath leaves them in an instant. what lay before them are the double doors that open up into the school’s courtyard, with the customary glass windows in the center of the wood. from what the tiny rectangle can allow the pair to see, they can make out a vague outline: brown hair, trembling fingers clutching tight at a large, dark poster board—

yoongi drops the pile of stars in his hands, snatches hoseok’s hand, and *bolts* through the doors.

and there stands jungkook, that endearing smile he’d worn the very first time yoongi and hoseok had laid eyes on him, holding up something that was more than a poster...it was *artwork*. a watercolor of van gogh’s *starry night*, the dark blues and purples blended beautifully to create a unique dimensional value within the confines of the board. and although it’s not a part of the original painting, tiny stars spell out a message at the center of it all:

YOU ARE THE BRIGHTEST STARS IN MY NIGHT SKY. HOCO?

“fucking hell,” hoseok curses. yoongi concurs.

jungkook grins nervously, and the pair can see the perspiration that glistens at his temples and runs in rivulets down his neck. *he’s nervous*.

“hyungs,” he begins, voice shaky as it finally occurs to him just how many people are watching, just how many eyes are on the three of them, just how many phones are up and could record any type of miniscule mistake that he could make.

yoongi and hoseok know this. they know what he’s thinking. so they nod at him, pride in their eyes at how far he’s come, and simultaneously mouth *you got this*.

“hyungs,” jungkook begins again, “when. when i first came to this school, it was smack in the middle in the february of my sophomore year. i had one friend—kim taehyung. he convinced me to run for student council, and although his intentions may have been to fuel his Liberal Agenda—“ a few chuckles echo off the brick exterior of the school building “—i’ve never. not once. regretted joining.

student council has brought me many things: new friends, a sense of belonging, a sense of home, a reason to work hard and aspire to achieve. but i’ve found something in there that’s even more important than all those things combined.”

the air is still and quiet, the ever present buzz of chatter now gone silent as the student body waits alongside the presidents with bated breath.

“i found love.”

“oh, god,” hoseok moans quietly from where he’s shaking beside yoongi.

“i—i love you,” and fuck, there’s the red nose, there are the glassy eyes, “i love you, hyungs, i’m. i’m *in love with you*.”

yoongi staggers back like he's been shot.

"and if you'll have me...i'm yours."

"jesus," hisses yoongi, "jesus, jungkook."

fear flashes in the youngest's eyes and for split second, all of his worst fears are confirmed. jungkook's eyes well up and he loses grasp of the painting; it falls to the ground at his feet and his bottom lip is trembling and he knows he must look pathetic but he can't help the tiny, watery, "hyungs?" that slips past his lips.

"jungkook." they stride forwards and hoseok puts his hands heavy on jungkook's shoulders. his eyes clench shut and his teeth clamp down on his lips as if bracing for the impact of a *no*.

it never comes.

when he cracks his lids open, yoongi is staring at him with shiny eyes and a flushed face. his hands come up to cover his mouth and he gives a teary smile once jungkook meets his gaze. the youngest slides his eyes up to hoseok, who is smiling so wide that jungkook can see all the way back to his molars.

"you've got no idea how much we love you, huh?"

and then they're kissing.

at first he thinks that this is just another round of cheek-kisses, and honestly he has *no* qualms with that, just as long as he's close to his hyungs; but then yoongi grabs his jaw between a thumb and a forefinger and he smashes their lips together.

jungkook's eyes have to flutter close—there's no way he could handle the intensity of the kiss with them open; he thinks he'd die of sensory overload. yoongi's kiss is less rough more than it is desperate, his tongue slithering in to take what it wants, what jungkook is so eager to give him, has always been eager to give him. he breaks away and jungkook is about to whine for more and ask *hyung why*, but then hoseok is at his lips and it all goes to shit.

moaning in front of the entire student body was really not on jungkook's bucket list. it's not something he'd ever imagine himself doing in a million years, and yet. here he is. whining like a bitch for hoseok who's got a fistful of his hair in one hand and a bone-crushing grip on his hip in the other.

when they break away, it's to boisterous cheers and applause, and jungkook's pretty sure someone brought a confetti canon? it's all very nice and while he endlessly appreciates the administration's cooperation and support with helping him pull all this off, jungkook knows just as well that whether there were two thousand people or none to witness this moment, his heart would flutter and his eyes would prickle just the same. and although he'd rather it have been a grand gesture because his hyungs deserve only the best, at the end of the day; at the bottom of it all; at it's *core*,

jungkook knows all that matters is how yoongi's arms wrap around his quivering shoulders and how hoseok cradles both of their faces. all that matters is how all three of them are whispering nonsense into each other's ears to try and quell the tears.

all that matters is that they love each other like how the earth loves the moon loves the sun.

“you’re our brightest star too, baby,” whispers yoongi into their huddle.

jungkook chokes on his smile.

Chapter End Notes

all that's left is the epilogue!

p.s. i made?? a writing tumblr?? wow??? send me prompts or requests if you want, its yuan--xi.

thanks for reading. <3

vi. homecoming

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

homecoming is gorgeous.

the workshops, though tedious and tiresome, paid off beautifully in how the star-shaped lanterns radiate and make yoongi's eyes glow like honey; or how hoseok is the king of the cosmos in his little wreath of fairy lights that shine softly around his head and make his skin look dewy and delicious and *delectable*—jungkook wants to take a bite.

so he does.

“jesus, kook!” yoongi laughs in surprise as jungkook presses an open-mouthed kiss to hoseok's cheek and revels in the way his hyung shivers against him. from where he stands close and swaying to the beat of one of the slower songs that night, the tremor that runs up and down hoseok's spine is no secret to him, nor yoongi, who mirrors his position at hoseok's backside. “don't you go getting any ideas, mister,” grumbles hoseok, though it's a bit late when yoongi's already decided to occupy a chunk of his neck with his teeth.

“yoongi,” he hisses, “not in front of the baby!”

“hyung! you're still calling me that? we're in the same grade!”

“only 'cause you skipped a couple. you're still our little jungkookie, ah, *our sweet bunny*—“

instead of finishing his sentence hoseok groans, and yoongi grins as he lowers his fingers from where he'd raised them to flick his boyfriend in the head. jungkook smiles gratefully over hoseok's shoulder and yoongi leans over to kiss him, square on the mouth, devilish teeth pulling deliciously at his lips and sinful tongue poking playfully along his seam.

jungkook loses himself in the kiss, floating on air as his boyfriend finally slips his tongue in after teasing until jungkook is a flushed, whiny mess. they try to keep it g-rated, they really do, but what with how hoseok's scent is flooding his senses hot and heavy and yoongi's insistent lapping at the roof of his mouth...

"alright, enough you two." hoseok grabs them both by the hair and drags them apart, their lips breaking with a wet click—all three of them blush. "we've got plenty of time for that later."

"later?" asks jungkook, "what about the after-party? don't your presidential duties require you to attend, like, every school event ever?"

it makes the tips of his ears hot when his hyungs chuckle and peck him on his cheeks. "but our boyfriend duties require us to take care of our *baby*," and, oh, hoseok's scratching at that one place on jungkook's neck at the edge of his undercut and yoongi his humming lowly in his ear and he's tempted to say fuck the main-party, let alone the subsequent one.

but he knows they can't do that. it's with a sigh that he extricates himself from their hold and dances out of reach, grinning mischievously. "*we've got plenty of time for that later*," he mocks and winks at hoseok before winding around the dancefloor to begin the arduous task of working the room. there are people to be met, friendships to be made, numbers to be exchanged, and all in preparation of getting re-elected to student council next term. way back in sophomore year when namjoon had coached jungkook with

his campaign, his hyung's constant badgering about networking may have seemed bothersome at the time, but it is now what's propelling him around the gym as he smiles and laughs at unfunny jokes and collects people's instagram handles like he'll actually follow them after the dance ends.

you're awful, yoongi had cackled once when jungkook told him about the lack of sincerity with which he schmoozes his way through the masses. *you're awful but i'm a hypocrite because i do the same thing*. and then they'd both laughed and hoseok called them twisted humans and they all went for thai takeout not long after. god, he's already marinating in memories with his boyfriends after not even two minutes of stepping away...

taehyung's voice has never been more annoying as his conscience in the back of his head until now, hooting out *whipped*.

tell me about it, he thinks, gazing across the gym at his suit-clad men as they talk and charm and laugh.

damn. i'm lucky.

"kookie!" a familiar voice yanks his head back down from the clouds and jungkook whips around to see taehyung waving at him with one arm, the other wrapped snugly (and a little...ahem, *low*) around namjoon's waist. taehyung's grip is tight and firm, the veins in his forearm a prominent light-teal that almost glows under the ethereal lighting of the lanterns. as jungkook draws near, namjoon's face fills with rouge and he yanks taehyung's arm up to his mid-back.

when the hell did this happen?

"hey, hyungs! you two look really good!" namjoon is dressed in an

impeccable violet suit with a white button up underneath, and taehyung stands proudly in the tightest pair of dress pants jungkook has ever seen and an off-the-shoulder silken semi-formal top. looking at them kinda makes him feel a bit shabby.

namjoon smiles at him warmly. “thanks, kookie.”

he nods, and decides to bite the bullet. “so...you guys are...?”

“open,” says namjoon quickly, “well. we’re. we’re together, yeah, but...fluid. open.”

jungkook’s face must look at shocked as he feels because the pair in front of him guffaw. “jeez, kook, don’t look too surprised, or anything.”

“sorry! i just...didn’t expect that.”

“neither did i. but,” and here, namjoon takes taehyung’s hand and squeezes it gently as he gazes into his eyes, “sometimes...the fruit the unexpected bears is sweeter than that you had in the beginning.”

“oh *namjoon*,” taehyung sighs.

awkwardly, quietly, jungkook slips away. that was – that was weird. it’s too much like watching his parents flirt. in his haste to get away his forward vision escapes him, and he ends up careening straight into a pair of girls. one of their drinks spills all over his suit jacket and he wants to groan and moan and throw a fit but a single look shot upward pulls that desire right out from under his feet.

“h-hello, yubin ssi,” he says as she pouts and dusts off his clothes (as if that’s gonna do any fuckin’ better) but her hands linger on his pectorals which...where nowhere near close to the stain. “it-it’s okay, yubin ssi, i’ll just remove the jacke-“

“nonsense!” she exclaims and if kim yubin says it’s nonsense, then it’s nonsense. “let me clean you up.”

“but i-“

“*shhhh*.” she roams her hands around his torso and jungkook stands there, more than a little mildly uncomfortable, fidgeting in his spot as he waits for her to finish doing...whatever it is that she’s doing. he could almost cry out in relief when she’s yanked back by a pair of pink acrylic clad fingers. yeeun sinks her talons into yubin’s shoulders and bows toward him in apology.

“jungkook, i am so sorry. this one doesn’t know homecoming etiquette—or, really, any kind of etiquette at all.”

yubin thwacks her friend upside the head. “oh, fuck off. like you wouldn’t pass up the opportunity to feel up those delicious bice—“

“*kookie!*” an overly-exaggerated exclamation booms from his right, and then jungkook is enveloped in a steel-tight grip. “you clean up so nice! it’s been so long since we’ve last talked, yeah?”

“but i just saw you yester-“

jimin's twinkly laugh blankets over his words. "let's go talk by the punchbowl, all that dancing kinda made me thirsty, haha." he steers him away from the two open-mouthed, visibly confused secretaries, and clears a path through the writhing throng of people towards the snack table. this year's amenities are a drastic improvement compared to the previous homecoming; the table is filled corner to corner with catering from various chain restaurants, there are an assortment of deserts, and even the punch is dyed a swirly mixture of dark blue and violet with a central yellow spiral to match the theme of the night.

the death grip around his arm is released as soon as they reach the table, and jimin sheepishly rubs the back of his neck. "sorry 'bout that, but you looked like you needed some rescuing. everybody knows not to get locked into a conversation with them for too long..."

"it was only five minutes though...?"

"exactly." his answer makes the them both laugh and jungkook finds himself reaching for a glass of punch, only for jimin to knock his hand away. "don't. it's spiked."

now *this* has jungkook's jaw on the floor. their school isn't ranked sixth in the country for nothing; the security levels wrap like a vice around them all and there is nothing the student body knows before administration does. maybe skipping class is a small rebellion that even their hall monitors are unable to stamp out completely, but something as severe as spiked punch...

as if he can read jungkook's thoughts, jimin giggles again. "sometimes, they let us have our fu..." he trails off, gaze somewhere far past jungkook's shoulder and so he turns to catch what's stolen jimin's attention, only to be puzzled when he's met with taehyung and namjoon swaying, wrapped in each other's arms, on the dancefloor.

“...hyung?” he tries tentatively, not wanting to scare off his friend. there’s something about the cloudy, reflective quality in jimin’s eyes that tells him he’s waltzing on eggshells.

“kookie. does it ever just hit you sometimes...does it ever just hit you that you’ve been a really big dummy?”

the guffaw that jungkook has to suppress garbles his response. “yeah, you could say that, jimin. but what’s up?”

there’s an intense charge to jimin’s face that drags all remnants of humor out of jungkook’s throat; his hyung’s brows crease together harshly and his squint is severe, like he’s looking directly at the midday sun. the crinkle in his nose that sets like wrinkles in a freshly ironed shirt and the pucker of his usually quirked lips gives jungkook pause—this is not how jimin is supposed to look.

“i. i missed a really big opportunity and at the time i thought i was doing what was best by moving on, and i know that it really was, but it still...” jimin sucks in a breath, “it still hurts, you know?”

the pieces fall into place.

“is this—is this about them?” jungkook jerks his head back, signaling at the couple that dances behind them. “taehyung and namjoon hyung?”

a cringe. “is it really that obvious?”

“well, you were kinda staring at them while you delivered some drama-department level monologue that mrs. moon would bust a nut

at.”

“yah. have some respect!” and *there’s* the jimin he knows, the one with the glimmer in his eye that is not from unshed tears, but sunrays. and although he’s hesitant to ask because he just knows his irises will be robbed of that little bit of light, jungkook can’t bring himself to resist the urge to help—all of his hyungs have been there every step of the way for him ever since he’d transferred, and it’s about time he starts returning that support in full.

so, he sighs and steels himself for the drop in jimin’s expression. “what about them, though? tell me, hyung, you look like this has been bothering you for a bit.”

“aw, *kookie*.” jimin coos at him and pinches his cheeks, even despite the matte tone to his eyes, “you’re the one acting like the hyung here, huh? don’t worry, i’m a big boy. i can take care of myself.”

“yeah, but you don’t *have* to.”

jimin pauses.

“you’re too smart for your own good, you know that?” finally, his shoulders relax from their tense position underneath the shoulder pads of his suit jacket, and he pours himself a cupful of punch. “you really wanna hear?”

“yes, hyung. let me help.”

he gives a quiet nod before he begins. “...i’m a bit of a homewrecker.” it is with a halting timbre that he speaks, but jungkook encourages

him to continue with a gentle nod and a soft squeeze to his arm. “taehyung, he...he liked me, yeah? like *really* liked me. but. he wuh—was in a relationship with joonie at the same time and...” here, jimin looks up from the swirl of black and blue in his cup, “the guilt *destroyed* me, jungkook. how was i supposed to live with the knowledge that one of my closest friends had feelings for me whilst in a relationship with another one of my closest friends; and no matter how i chose to handle the situation, somebody was going to end up hurting?”

jimin takes a swig from his solo cup. “so i—i cut all ties with taehyung. it’s shitty, i know, and i regret it because we. we used to be so *close*, jungkook, but he hates me now. i broke up his relationship with joonie, and when he came to me crying and sobbing i...shut him out. we haven’t talked in two years and now they’re back together and it’s not like i can *do* anything, you know? how would you like the person who should’ve been there unconditionally but *betrayed* you... how would you like them stumbling back into your life after you’ve finally found happiness again?”

and jungkook really thinks about it. he thinks about how he’d been so hurt, so wounded, so *damaged* by his irrational fears of yoongi and hoseok that he’d given himself two panic attacks and countless nights of sobbing; he thinks about how his heart ached like he’d torn something at every student council meeting and every workshop and every time they past each other in the halls and every goddamn minute of every goddamn day. jungkook thinks about how his intestines would twist themselves into knots at the mere *hypotheticals* of what he would do if they didn’t really have room for him in their relationship after all, or if they got tired of him and decided he really wasn’t worth loving after all—he thinks about how he’d stretched himself until his face was pallid and his limbs were juddering just so that he could avoid the extra pain of catching a mere glimpse of their faces.

but then jungkook thinks of the butterflies that were set free from their cage of confinement in his gut every time he caught yoongi’s gaze, or hoseok’s smile. jungkook remembers the tender way they’d caressed him when he finally confronted them after so long spent in

misery, and jungkook can *feel* their phantom touches; ghostly fingers tickling around his cheeks, his neck, his waist. jungkook knows that had he never talked to them, had he never taken that leap, things would have ended up very, very differently.

jungkook also knows taehyung—he’s got the biggest heart on the *planet*. his mind is an endless expanse that even he himself does not know the entirety of the realms of which it holds. and this is why jungkook snatches jimin’s shoulders into his firm grip and says:

“jimin. if you know *anything* about taehyung, you know that he—he *radiates* home and acceptance and warmth and...just, love. you said you guys were best friends, yeah? then trust him. if you were that dear to him before, i’m sure you still are.” he leans in a bit here, and whispers against the shell of jimin’s ear, “plus. uh. a little birdy told me that maybe joon and tae might have some wiggle room in... whatever they’ve got goin’ on.”

he pulls back and drops his hands. “so go take a chance, okay? take a risk. you got this.”

a supernova.

that is the only word jungkook can think of to describe how the last remnants of nerves and guilt decay from jimin’s expression, waves of uncertain indigo and festering forest green now melting away to expose something bright and sparkly and shining and *ready*. “okay,” he nods, “okay. okay, you’re right. thanks, kookie.”

he smiles gently. “any time.”

and then jimin is off, legs steady and sure as he crosses the dance floor; jungkook thinks he can hear a faint “..*taetae?*” behind him and it

makes his face glow warm and proud.

his good mood floats him over from the snack table and through the throngs of people, feet gliding wherever they deign to take him. he waves to a few familiar faces as he passes by and although he pretends that he doesn't have a destination in mind as he strides, he knows that his brain is lying to his heart when his footfall stops in front of the two men he is lucky enough to call his own.

yoongi stands tall in an all-black suit, hands in his pants pockets and fake-rolex on his right wrist (jungkook and hoseok had clowned him for a week); his dark hair is swept back elegantly from his forehead and it's clear he's used a couple of dabs of BB cream here and there, because his normally-insipid complexion glows ethereal and eerily underneath the stars. hoseok is to his right, smarting smugly in a dark violet suit because he *knows* what that color does to jungkook's knees.

"i know we already saw you tonight," starts yoongi, "but *damn*."

playfully, jungkook swats at his chest to cover the tremor that runs rampant up his spine. "shut up, greasy old man. i'm nothing compared to you tw—"

"*don't* start." ah, he should've known better than to say something like that around hoseok. his hyung pouts and his lips do The Upside Down Triangle Thing and he tweaks jungkook's nose between his thumb and index fingers (jungkook had complained one time, asking him why he had to do it so often, and hoseok had told him it was his fault for having such a big target. hoseok had not gotten very many cuddles that night.) "you look stunning, kookie. seriously, we should've brought back the best-dressed award segment this year because i'd pay real-life money to see you up on that stage in that suit."

"*hyung*," he whines, "don't embarrass me..."

“we *aren’t*—” yoongi begins to say, but then stops himself short. “wait. hoseok-ah, you said something about awards? when are they happening this year, anyway?”

“in...oh shit, soon. like ten minutes? hey, kookie, who’d you vote for homecoming monarch?” hoseok smirks, lighthearted in his joke, but jungkook’s heart drops straight into his ass. *shit*, he’d forgot to vote for homecoming monarchs! not bothering with a response to hoseok’s joke (he’d make it up to him later), jungkook abruptly spins on his heel and tries to push through the crowd as politely as he can; though, he’s pretty sure he trips over a couple gowns on the way. but he doesn’t feel particularly bad about bowling the freshman over considering they don’t know how to fucking *walk*. shimmying his way above and below and around their massive student body is already a task in the hallways when he’s trying to get to class, let alone when he’s trying to get a few dozen feet across the gym during homecoming of all things.

when he finally reaches the ballot booths, they’re just being collected by the staff. “please,” he pants, hands on his knees and looking up pleadingly at the chaperones who’d been assigned vote-counting duty, “please, i know i’m late and this is really annoying, but i still need to vote. please? i’m sorry, but this is super important.”

“sure, kid.” the volunteer dads both set the boxes down on their tables and hand him two slips of paper and a pencil. he bows gratefully, snatching up both and scanning the forms below him.

Homecoming Monarch #1

Name: _____

Grade: _____

Homeroom: _____

Homecoming Monarch #2

Name: _____

Grade: _____

Homeroom: _____

jungkook knows his boyfriends' class information like the back of his hand, like the beat of his heart. once he's done filling the paperwork out he slips them into their respective boxes, bows one more time just for good measure, and makes his way over to the snack table for a cookie to commemorate his hard work. maybe a swig of punch might do him some good as well.

surveying the gym, he finds his chest growing warm. all those weeks of hanging streamers and pasting stars and painting props and stringing up fairy lights...it's all paid off in the most beautiful way; he sees the soft rays of illumination that come off of the lanterns highlight namjoon's dimpled cheeks and taehyung's vibrant red hair and jimin's sparkling eyes; he sees the way the streamers wrap themselves around seokjin's broad body as he fuels the merriment and laughter in the middle of the crowd; and, best of all, he sees his boyfriends, draped in the theme colors of the night, looking like the princes of the night sky as they mingle casually with their fingers interlocked.

god. *god.*

one year ago, if you'd told jungkook he would have two boyfriends, two best friends, countless contacts in his phone, and a seat in student office? well, he'd probably have an anxiety attack on the spot just from the hypothetical.

it had never been easy for him to bring himself to be someone

integrated in society, even with the assistance of all the therapy sessions and psychiatric evaluations and coping mechanisms in the world. he just—he wasn't ready to face his life, his future, his fears.

but jungkook has finally found a reason to try.

he found it in the way his heart beats with adrenaline at every new face he smiles at and talks with. he found it in the way he lets taehyung drag him along in his game of last-period hooky to go get food instead of taking notes like he was *supposed* to in photography composition class. he found it in the way he's trusted so many of his loved ones with his vulnerability, and never once had to regret putting faith in them.

but most of all, he found it in the hearts of his beloveds. his darlings. his guardian angels. his boyfriends.

and jungkook knows that high school romances are infamous for falling apart before they even get started. jungkook also knows that having yoongi gone for college, even if it is just for a year, will take an immense toll and both himself and hoseok. jungkook is *well aware* that this relationship comes with a handbook of complications that pit almost all of the odds against the three of them.

but as long as he's got tenacity. and trust. and *love*...

he knows they will always be a part of each others' constellations. he knows they will always love each other like how the earth loves the moon loves the sun.

"attention!" the screeching of the microphone jerks jungkook out of his reverie, and he jolts in place. "could i have everybody's attention, please?" yeeun is on the stage, looking stunning in her white, floor-

length gown. yubin stands next to her in a strappy, bedazzled red dress. *they seem like a pair of disney princesses*, jungkook thinks absently.

“yah,” yubin hisses, feedback echoing painfully loudly in the gym. “pipe down.”

never mind.

when everybody is settled, yeeun smiles. “thank you! first of all, we’d like to shout out the *amazing* turn out to this year’s ho-co!” cue the applause from the audience, whooping hoots and hollers courtesy of seokjin.

“and can we get a hand for the *lovely* decorations done by our volunteer crew?” again, more screaming, although this time there is a significant boost—the workshop squad shouts their heads off and jungkook joins them, his muscles still sore from all those countless afternoons hanging decorations and almost *dying* as he fell off the ladder that one time.

(when yoongi and hoseok caught him, though. that was...that kinda made up for it.)

as the cheers quiet, yubin takes the mic, much to yeeun’s very visible chagrin. “alright. ladies and gentlepeople. are you ready for the *moment you’ve been waiting for.*” the crowd kickstarts again and yubin still presses on, “i said, *ARE YOU READY?*” heels stomp the floor and ties swing in the air and in all of the schools jungkook has been to over the years, he’s never seen anything like the amount of spirit this facility has. it’s like...it’s like a family.

at this point, there’s no use trying to control the masses, so the two

secretaries simply shout over the noise. yeeun waves a purple envelope sealed with a shiny golden stamp above her head and people go fucking *nuts*. jungkook can feel the energy that thrums within the gymnasium all the way down to his gut, and it makes him fall back to clutch at the cloth of the snack table.

“THIS YEAR’S HOMECOMING MONARCHS ARE...wait, what the hell?”

yeeun’s head is tilted almost comically to the side as she stares hard at the card within the envelope. yubin rolls her eyes and mutters, “smart one, isn’t she,” into the mic (eliciting a few titters from the crowd) before snatching the paper out of her friend’s fingers, only to cock her head in the same way. “uh...there’s been a three-way tie?”

immediately, the throng bursts into hushed whispers of confusion. “*a three-way tie,*” jungkook catches from their left, “*what the hell could that mean?*”

yeah what in the hell could that mea...

1. *oh fuck.*

jungkook allows a tiny, miniscule, microscopic part of his heart to hope that maybe it’s what he’s thinking. after all, he’s getting nudged in the elbow and ribs now by those that surround him, knowing smirks on their faces and he begins to flush and sweat at the nape of his neck because no fucking way. no. fucking. way.

“uh,” yubin begins uncertainly, “congratulations to min yoongi, jung hoseok, and jeon jungkook as the homecoming kings of twenty-seventeen!”

confetti bursts from overhead (who the hell planned *that?*) and all of a sudden, a path is being cleared by the students around him and he is being led to the stage by a spotlight from above. jungkook is pretty sure the rouge that stains his cheeks is practically glowing under the intensity of the illumination, and he prays nobody's filming. that prayer's proved fruitless, however, as he shoots a furtive glance to the crowd and is met with a sea of phone cases.

jesus christ.

from his side of the stage, yeeun greets him with a golden crown interwoven with fairy lights. she places it delicately on his head and the crowd erupts into cheers, and for a minute jungkook lets himself cheer along with them. he is smiling and happy and boisterous and *exuberant*.

and then he sees yoongi and hoseok.

his boyfriends are in two different crowns; hoseok has a tiara decorated with flashing stars adorning the top of his orange locks, and yoongi sports a full crown, the framework a luminescent violet while the fur trim and cloth inside the gold skeleton a stark black with yellow pinpricks.

it feels like instinct as his feet thud across the makeshift stage, the overwhelming need to be close to his hyungs making him burn underneath his collar every second that he is *not* in their arms. he careens into their open embrace and they stand like that, under the spotlight, covered in confetti, as the entirety of the student body whoops and cheers.

one year ago, if you'd told jungkook he'd be on a huge ass platform

getting engulfed in a group hug by his two boyfriends, he would probably need to up his dose in hydroxyzine just from the first sentence.

but the fact of the matter is that it's real, this is real, and *they* are real, his lovely amazing kindhearted sweet angelic darling adorable caring boyfriends and their love for him are *real*. and in this moment, on this stage, witness on both of their cheeks, jungkook could not be any more thankful that he'd spoken up that first day in student council.

(they drop him off at his front door after a less-than-pg goodnight kiss in yoongi's car. when jungkook's mother answers the doorbell, they part ways with a final peck and wish him and his mother a good night.

jungkook had not exactly told his mother about them yet.

"i knew you were gay," she starts with a giggle, "but polygyny? really? just wait 'til your father gets home."

"oh my *god mom th-that's not even the right term—*")

Chapter End Notes

the support this story got is so amazing, i never thought it'd receive so much! this au has been my baby for so long, idk how to cope now that it's done ;(

thank you for waiting during that crazy long hiatus (lol), thank you for leaving such kind reviews, and as always; thank you for reading. <3

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